

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH } SIXPENCE.  
COLOURED PICTURE } By Post, 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d.



"ELENA."

BY PERMISSION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC UNION, MUNICH.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A question of very general interest—whether we must pay for a portrait that is not like—came before a law-court the other day. The result, though not quite decisive, appears to be that we must; and upon the whole, though the public at large are the sufferers, the decision seems to be just. It is very much on all fours with the writing of a story or of a play to order: the order is given on account of the proved capability of the novelist or dramatist; his reputation is involved in the success of the work, and it is, therefore, reasonable to conclude that he will do his best, and more than that cannot be expected of him. Moreover, whether he has succeeded or not is, after all, a matter of opinion. If a contractor undertakes to build a house, and the walls are blown down by the wind, or an engineer a bridge, and it breaks down with the weight of the first cart, there is no doubt about the transaction, or as to where the failure lies. But portrait-painting and literary composition are not exact sciences. Moreover, in the latter case, even if the work is inferior to former productions of the writer, it is worth something to him; while the picture, if thrown on the painter's hands, is absolutely valueless. Nobody wants Mr. Jones's face on canvas except Mr. Jones. On the other hand, no one but Mr. Jones is so difficult to please with it. He doesn't see his "natural expression" (a very agreeable one) in it, or that speaking intelligence which he has noticed (in his shaving-glass) in his eyes. It is not everyone who can afford an oil-painting of himself, but everyone can be taken by an automatic photographic-machine for a penny, and the result, in that case too, generally fails to please. It may be good enough for one's friend, but it is not good enough for oneself, and though, in our own case, the portrait may be pronounced to be like by others, we are of an altogether different opinion. Still, it seems unreasonable to bring an action against the company for breach of contract, or to try to get back the penny out of the slot. Again, when a man is sitting for his portrait, he always looks at his very worst: either bored to death, or posing—which is by no means the same as *imposing*. A woman poses naturally; she can be "photographed like this, and photographed like that," as she pleases; but a man when taken "sitting" is (like a hare) always at a disadvantage. This makes the artist's task exceedingly difficult, and it is no wonder that his work is so often found unacceptable. The picture, of course, must have some resemblance: I have no sort of sympathy with the rubbish talked about the "effectiveness" of a portrait, or its "satisfying the artistic sense," when it is not in the least like the original; but it is not easy to satisfy Jones.

A much juster ground of complaint is the failure that is sometimes made by landscape-painters to represent accurately some particular scene, or scenes, they have undertaken to paint. The person who has given them the commission is not, perhaps, æsthetic, only a sentimentalist who wishes to have delineated the churchyard in which his mother lies, or (more often) the house which has become so interesting, by association, to his fellow-creatures from the fact of his having been born in it. If these scenes are not like—if the artist for the sake of "atmospheric effects" will take them at early dawn, or in a thunderstorm, under which conditions the poor gentleman has never seen them, they are worse than valueless to him; they destroy "the picture in his mind," which, however unimaginative, was at least accurate, and dear to him upon that very account. A well-known series of views of the most beautiful locality in England delights every eye that beholds them; but, so far as recognition is concerned, they might be pictures of the mountains of Heaven.

When a doctor entered into the field of fiction, it used of old to be taken for granted that he was only a "D.C.L."—a degree, however, which has been occasionally conferred for eminence in that department of literature. Dr. Moore, indeed, was a novelist, but, as a rule, the members of that calling which is styled pre-eminently "the Profession" are much too sagacious to waste their valuable time in writing stories when they can "earn ten thousand guineas by going up ten thousand stairs," and, if they are new stairs, twice as much. But now, it seems, the poor novelist, who has found competitors among all other sorts and conditions of men, is threatened by an irruption—and not to him a "favourable" irruption—of the faculty. Only a few years ago a great surgeon wrote a novel. Since then an M.D. has been tickling the ears of our boys with his story-books (instead of looking at their tongues); and now another is writing historical novels—and, what is worse, to judge by his "Micah Clark," very good ones. This is really serious. Hitherto, it is true, M.D.s have most honourably abstained from using their personal experiences, from making "copy" out of the very remarkable facts that come to their knowledge professionally. But how long will they resist the importunity of the too enterprising publisher? We all know from the "Diary of a Late Physician" what sort of diaries they keep, and how full they are of dramatic situations. Even the family lawyer does not see so much of "poor humanity" as the family physician. At present he confides his experiences to the medical papers only, and treats them solely from a scientific point of view; tells us how A. B. had a liver considerably larger than his head, yet thought nothing of it; or how C. D. had none at all, and got on equally well—interesting facts, but nothing to what he could say about the skeleton in the cupboard if he had a mind, and the art of clothing the skeleton in the garb of fiction. I am not afraid of the rivalry of kings and queens, but I do dread that of the doctors.

The *Granta* is a Cambridge magazine which has had a longer existence than most University periodicals. Either because the gods love them, or, as is more probable, from insufficient circulation they die young. There are too

many translations from Horace in them, and what is original is too local. The *Granta* has avoided the first pitfall, and, if local, it is really humorous. The correspondence of Mr. Harry Fludger, which illumined its pages, has had the honour of separate publication. His papa and mamma, his sister, his brother, and his bed-maker, reveal themselves in characteristic letters, and are worth knowing. A more accurate and graphic account of the University life of to-day is to be gathered from this little volume than from far more pretentious descriptions. Why the Trinity man on the cover should be wearing a Jesus cap is a question that has probably been already thrashed out between the artist and the author (who is, I understand, the champion light-weight of his college). For a writer of this kind, no critic who gives his name can have anything but praise; but "Harry Fludger at Cambridge" is really very funny.

In the midst of our present turmoil about a democratic leader, another and a far greater man, bent with years and bowed with poverty, is lingering on at Turin in exile and neglect. There was a time when the name of Louis Kossuth stood for much, though never in a City sense. Like Garibaldi—though no two men, perhaps, have ever enjoyed such opportunities for enriching themselves—he never understood that art of feathering his own nest which has been brought to such perfection by more modern demagogues. The man whom Cobden called "the greatest orator of the age," and the lovers of liberty "patriot," is in want! "The *Budapesth Athenæum*," where his writings are published, has offered, we are told, "to send him three thousand florins in anticipation of future work," but, in view of his ninety years, and the probability of his not living to complete the bargain, he has declined its help. What a contrast to the thirsty soil that sucks up the golden rain of "testimonials" and "subscriptions" here at home! One hears of the ingratitude of Politicians, but it seems as if that of a whole People is not inferior to it when there is no hope of favours to come.

It has at last been decided upon high legal authority that, however we may be persecuted by a neighbour's noises by day—provided they are not domestic, but owing to the nature of his business—after ten p.m. they are not to be permitted to make night hideous. The hours allotted for balmy sleep are not to be interfered with. It is not everybody, as in the case in question, who lives next door to a railway carrier, but the decision will be welcome to us all, as it will, of course, comprehend the nuisance of street music. Nothing is more common in summer, in some neighbourhoods, than for organ-grinding to begin at ten o'clock at night, waking up childhood from its first sleep, and chasing away the hope of repose from the invalid.

It is very satisfactory to learn, from a Transatlantic *sagan*, that the system of tight-lacing among young ladies is going out of fashion. Their waists, he says, of late years have grown larger and less waspish. Having reached so desirable a conclusion, it is, perhaps, a little ungracious to inquire how it was arrived at. Still, one cannot help being a little curious to know how this American gentleman possessed himself of the fact in question. He has taken an average of a large number of waists, and pronounces them smaller than they used to be. This suggests that he has had a considerable acquaintance with the subject before; but, putting that aside, how did he acquire his knowledge of the present state of affairs? Did he go about with a measuring tape, and say, "Permit me, my dear young lady, I mean nothing by it; it is in the interests of science only"; or did he calculate by what would be called the rule of thumb (if it did not happen to be an arm) in the usual way? At all events, one cannot imagine a hygienic pursuit of a more attractive and agreeable kind.

Persons of culture have always expressed contempt for the endeavours of persons of information to interest the public in calculations of time and space and quantity through the medium of finance. Statements of how many banknotes gummed together would be required to girdle the earth, how many sovereigns would make a pile high enough to reach the moon, and so on, have been denounced as vulgar and disgusting: this is not because cultured persons do not care about money; on the contrary, it is because they resent the idea of having anything in common with people who can be interested in such calculations. They are not content with being "so very superior," but wish everybody to understand that they are so. It will therefore, I fear, give them serious annoyance to read that the Irish Astronomer-Royal (who surely ought to know better) has been giving in to this degrading practice. He has been trying to make plain to a Shoreditch audience the distance of the earth from the heavens, by means which it would be complimentary to term a "twopenny-halfpenny" method. He told them that if they could get from Shoreditch to the nearest star by a Parliamentary train (i.e., at a penny a mile) it would cost them each eight hundred and three million pounds for their railway ticket. This is said to have brought the idea of distance home to their minds; but, dear me! at what a sacrifice of self-respect!

Lord Tennyson does not look with favour upon the attempts that have of late been made to identify particular localities with scenes described in his poems. He plaintively observes that it would be civil to credit him with a little imagination; the poet is a painter, but also a decorator; he does not pretend to present a place in every detail, as if he was an auctioneer. The same mistake is made when a novelist is charged with drawing his characters from particular individuals; he draws them from the life, but not from the person; if it were otherwise, his satire would be a lampoon. As for descriptions, whether in prose or verse, they are designed to give a general view. Not the very best of them—Sir Walter Scott's, for instance—present the likeness of a locality, such a view of it, that is, as can make it recognisable by the stranger. It may be better than the reality (and,

indeed, often is so, for we see it idealised and beautified through Sir Walter's eyes), but it is *not* the reality. Pliny's description of his own villa is as particular as though he wanted to sell it, but, as Disraeli the elder says, "we get no conception of it for all that"; it is idle for him to talk of "the opposite wing," and "beyond this," and "not far from thence." It is not, as he well remarks, the particularity, but the happiness of local descriptions that enters into our comprehension. At the same time, it is interesting to note that Tennyson does admit that the mill at Trumpington may have suggested that other mill with which thousands, who know nothing of the vicinity of Cambridge, are well acquainted. In that case, the same building has won the fancy of an elder poet. In the "Prelude" (which, however, I have not at hand) Wordsworth tells us—

Beside the pleasant (?) mill of Trompington  
I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn shade.

## THE COURT.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught paid a visit to the Metropolis on Dec. 4, returning to Windsor Castle in the evening. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster arrived at Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen, and were included in the Royal dinner-party. The Lord Chancellor and Lady Halsbury were likewise invited. The Hon. Frances Drummond also went to Windsor Castle. Lord Leconsfield arrived on the 5th, and was received by her Majesty. The Queen and Princess Beatrice paid a visit on the 6th to the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough Hill. They took luncheon at the mansion, and afterwards visited the magnificent mausoleum where the remains of the late Emperor Napoleon and Prince Imperial are laid, returning to Windsor Castle in the evening. On Sunday morning, the 7th, her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Bishop of Ripon, assisted by the very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, officiated. The Bishop of Ripon preached the sermon. The Duke of Connaught, Colonel of the Scots Guards, attended Divine service with the 2nd Battalion at Holy Trinity. His Royal Highness subsequently visited the barracks and hospital. The Right Rev. Dr. Whipple (Bishop of Minnesota) had an audience of her Majesty, being introduced to the Queen's presence by the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor. The Bishop of Ripon and Lord Rowton dined with her Majesty and the Royal family. On the 8th, during luncheon, the band of the Scots Guards, under the direction of Mr. E. Holland, bandmaster, played a selection of music. Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart. (President), with Mr. F. A. Eaton (Secretary), had an audience of the Queen, and submitted to Her Majesty the business of the Royal Academy. Princess Beatrice has translated "The Adventures of Count George Albert of Erbach" from the original German compilation by Emil Kraus.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, Princesses Victoria and Maud, and the Duke of Cambridge, with the guests staying at Sandringham and the ladies and gentlemen of the Household, were present at Divine service on Sunday morning, Dec. 7, at the church of St. Mary Magdalen, in the park. The Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham, domestic chaplain to the Prince, and chaplain to the Queen, officiated. On the 8th the Prince and Princess, accompanied by the Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Princesses Victoria and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House from Sandringham. The Prince visited the ninety-third annual Cattle Show of the Smithfield Club at the Royal Agricultural Hall, and subsequently lunched with Mr. Walter Gilbey, the chairman, and the directors of the hall. After luncheon his Royal Highness presided at a meeting of the council of the Hackney Horse Society, of which he is the president for the year. In the evening the Prince, accompanied by the Duke of Fife, witnessed the performance of "May and December" at the Comedy Theatre. The Duke of Clarence and a large party were also present. On the 9th the Prince and Princess, the Duke of Clarence, and Princesses Victoria and Maud left London for Criche, Dorset, where they are paying a four-days' visit to Lord Alington. A distinguished company of guests was invited to meet their Royal Highnesses.

A memorial service for the late King of Holland was held on Dec. 4 at the Dutch Church, Austinfriars, at which the Duchess of Albany and representatives of the Royal family and the Corps Diplomatique were present.

Prince and Princess Christian left Cumberland Lodge on Dec. 6 for Germany.

During the thirteen years the St. Giles's Christian Mission has carried on the work of reclaiming the criminal classes they have endeavoured to place 47,073 discharged prisoners in the way of earning an honest living. Every morning the mission meets the prisoners as they are discharged from the Metropolitan prisons and offers them a free breakfast, and while at their meal they are advised to take to better courses, and every one who seems at all anxious to do well is sent to the secretary, Mr. Wheatley, at Brooke-street, who deals with every case upon its merits. In that period they have provided free breakfasts for 131,405 men, and have induced 42,547 to sign the temperance pledge. In the past year alone 7715 men have been thus assisted; and 434 convicts or long-term men have been received by the society from the Convict Office. Any donation will be most thankfully acknowledged, if sent to the superintendent, Mr. George Hatton, 4, Ampton-street, Regent-square; to the secretary, Mr. Wheatley, 29, Brooke-street, Holborn; or to Mr. F. A. Bevan, hon. treasurer of the mission, at 54, Lombard-street, E.C.

M. Maurel, the eminent French operatic baritone, gave a lecture at the Lyceum Theatre on Dec. 8, the subject being the "Modern Development of the Lyric Art." The lecturer treated his theme with much thoughtful criticism, tracing the development of operatic and dramatic art from its crude antecedents, and showing how a lyric artist should now, with modern requirements, distinguish in vocal as well as in dramatic treatment characters of a dissimilar kind. Instances might be cited of excellent recent stage vocalists (as vocalists merely) who were devoid of all apparent perception of the different dramatic features of the respective characters which they represented; and who, on their entry, simply walked to the footlights and warbled to the audience and retired, with no more dramatic impulse than a lay-figure. It is to the French school that reform in this respect is chiefly, if not entirely, owing. Their stage vocalists are not merely singers: they are also actors and actresses, whose performances would be acceptable if only from a dramatic point of view. M. Maurel's lecture was illustrated by his own vocal examples, which added greatly to the interest of the occasion. In the course of his lecture, M. Maurel paid a well-merited compliment to Mr. Henry Irving (who was present) on his influence on dramatic art in this country.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

A terrible hurricane has devastated the Island of Sardinia.

The Swiss State Council has passed the Budget for 1891, which estimates the receipts at 65,638,000f., and the expenditure at 78,069,000f.

The marriage of Count de Salis Soglio, third Secretary of the British Legation at Brussels, with the Comtesse Hélène de Caraman Chimay, eldest daughter of Princesse Eugène de Caraman Chimay, took place at Brussels on Dec. 6.

The funeral rites of the King of the Netherlands were performed on Dec. 4 with great state, and were attended by the representatives of all the foreign States, the Ministers, and the officials of the Kingdom. The Queen-Regent attended on the 8th before a joint session of the Legislature, and took two oaths, the first as Regent of the Kingdom during the seven years of her daughter's minority, and the second as guardian of Queen Wilhelmina.

The Grand Duke of Luxembourg met the Chamber on Dec. 9 to take the oath and formally open his first Parliament.

The German Emperor, in opening, on Dec. 4, the Congress on higher education in Prussia, made an interesting speech. He condemned the practice of Latin essay-writing. The German essay ought to be the true test of successful education and culture. He had seen young men get a low mark for a German essay, "satisfactory" for general work, and two for a Latin essay. Such a pupil deserved blame instead of praise.

natives assembled to wish the retiring Governor farewell.—The Czarewitsch, after a few days' stay at Bombay as the Governor's guest, proceeds to Poona, and thence to Hyderabad, where he will be the Nizam's guest. He will return thence to Bombay, halt there one day, and proceed by Ahmedabad to Rajpootana, visiting Ajmere, Jodhpore, Jeypore, and Ulwar, and then go to Delhi, where he will spend a few days. He will then visit Lahore and Peshawur, and come to Calcutta by way of Agra, Benares, and Lucknow.

## "JOIES D'ENFANTS."

The pleasures of children supply the sweetest part of parents' pleasures; and to many a kindly heart, among good old maids and other childless persons, or the aged whose own sons and daughters have grown up to men and women, there is nothing so delightful, in the whole spectacle of life, as the innocent joys of the little people, without whose presence the world, indeed, would be horribly dull and dreary. The late Field-Marshal Count Von Wrangel, one of the sternest and fiercest of veteran Prussian soldiers, who died at the age of ninety-three, used in his latter years to sit all the morning in the Thiergarten at Berlin, seeking his chief gratification in watching the children at play. This touch of nature makes the whole world kin; and here is our clever French artist and friend, bearing the formidable name of "Mars," again with his charming pencil furnishing an "Album pour la Jeunesse," similar

## THE LATE DEAN CHURCH.

The death, on Tuesday, Dec. 9, of the Very Rev. Dr. R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, is a loss not only to the Church of England but to general literary scholarship, and to social and secular interests; for, while seldom prominent in public controversies, and somewhat retiring in habits of life, he was an accomplished student and writer on various topics. Richard William Church, born in 1815, at Lisbon, son of an English merchant there, and nephew to the Sir Richard Church who lent his military skill to the Greeks in their war of independence, was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, gained first class honours in classics, and in 1832 was elected to a Fellowship of Oriel College, where he associated with Newman and others of the High Church school, contributing more literary and historical articles, however, than directly theological, to the magazines edited by those notable University men. He was an adherent of the "Via Media" course in Anglican Churchmanship. In 1853, resigning his tutorship and marrying, he left Oxford, having taken orders as a clergyman, and became Rector of Whatley, near Frome; he remained fifteen years in charge of that rural parish, declining ecclesiastical preferment, but occasionally preached at Oxford, and once before the Queen at Windsor, and was examining chaplain to the Bishop of Salisbury. He was a frequent contributor to the *Guardian*. In 1871 he accepted the Deanery of St. Paul's, left vacant by the death of Dean Mansel, enjoyed the intimate friendship



GOING TOO QUICK!



DANCING THE MINUET.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "JOIES D'ENFANTS," BY M. MARS.

Above all, modern history, and especially German history, required far more attention.—The Emperor, Princes Henry and Leopold of Prussia, and Count Meran left Berlin on the 5th to hunt at the Göhrde.—Prince Henry of Prussia has entered upon an extensive course of torpedo instruction on board the torpedo-vessel *Blücher*.—The betrothal of Princess Louise, youngest daughter of Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, to Prince Aribert, third surviving son of the Duke of Anhalt-Dessau, took place on the 8th at Berlin. Prince Aribert is twenty-six years of age, having been born on June 18, 1864, and is a Lieutenant in the First Regiment of Dragoons of the Prussian Guard. The Princess is in her nineteenth year, having been born Aug. 12, 1872. Prince and Princess Christian dined with the German Emperor, at Potsdam, on Dec. 9, when his Majesty formally announced the betrothal.

The Emperor and Empress of Austria arrived in Vienna on Dec. 4 from Miramare. The Empress was looking in very good health after her three months' yachting.—The Session of the Reichsrath was opened on the 4th, but there was no Speech from the Throne, as the Emperor only addresses Parliament twice during its five-years life—that is, at the beginning of its first Session and at the close of its last.

The Natal Legislative Council has passed the Bill authorising the raising of a loan of £2,000,000, to be employed in railway and harbour construction and other public works. The Legislative Council has adjourned until Jan. 12, but a committee will sit in the meantime to frame a new Constitution.

The Viceroy arrived at Benares on Dec. 4. In replying to an address, he congratulated the Municipality on the sanitary works now in progress, and accepted the office of patron of a society formed to collect subscriptions for those works among orthodox Hindoos throughout India.—Lord Connemara embarked on the 7th. Although it was announced that his departure was to be private, a large crowd of Europeans and

to those of "Nos Chéris" and "Compères et Compagnons," which have proved acceptable in England as well as in France. Published by Messrs. E. Plon, Nourrit, et Cie, of Paris, the picture-book, in oblong form, contains fifty pages, each displaying lively scenes and groups of happy boys and girls, arranged to represent their sports and frolics in the Four Seasons—the Spring with plenty of flowers, the Summer with haymaking and sea-bathing, the Autumn with fruit-gathering and rustic festivals, the Winter affording slides on the ice, rare fun with the snow, merry Christmas parties, and New-Year's gifts. The number of various subjects must be nearly two hundred; they are gracefully drawn in outline, and partially tinted with faint colours. We are permitted to borrow a page of the "Joies d'Enfants," which is reproduced in plain black and white. It will be understood without a translation of the few lines of French beneath the pictures

The Dublin Corporation have elected Alderman Mead as Lord Mayor for the ensuing year. At Cork Alderman Horgan, Nationalist, has been re-elected as Mayor.

Mr. Arthur Ackermann, of Regent-street, has received from Messrs. Prang and Co., of Boston, U.S., a selection of their choice Christmas cards and other novelties. No praise is needed for the productions of this world-famous firm.

The Tasmanian Parliament has been prorogued until May 21. The returns for the past eleven months show the Treasurer's estimate of the revenue to be more than realised, the receipts from customs, railways, and land all showing large increases.

The Right Rev. Dr. Stanton, Bishop of North Queensland, has accepted the see of Newcastle, New South Wales.—The Session of the Queensland Parliament was closed on Dec. 4. All the financial measures of the Government have been passed.—The appointment of Sir James Garrick as Agent-General for Queensland in London is gazetted at Brisbane.

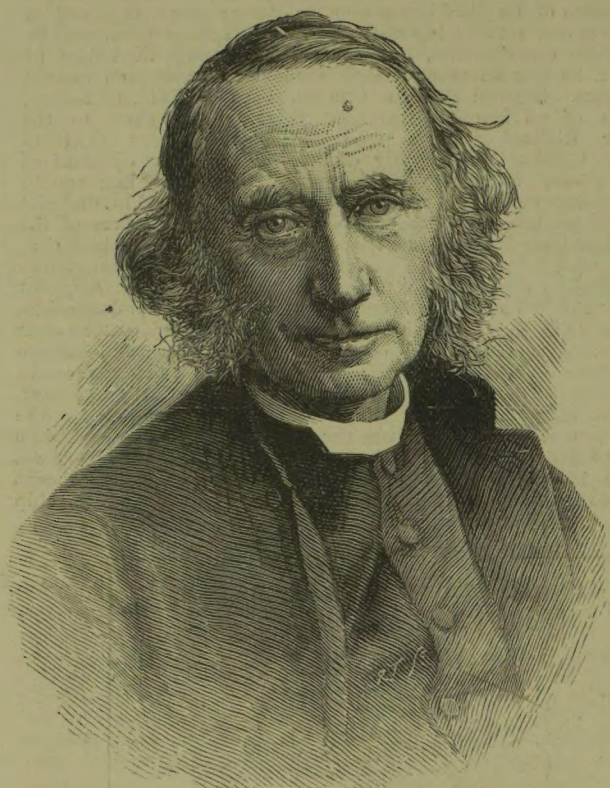
of Dean Stanley at Westminster, and has since both well performed the various duties of his office and contributed much to critical and biographical literature. Among the subjects ably examined and discussed by Dean Church in his published writings are the poetry and life of Dante and of Spenser, and the life and philosophy of Bacon.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker-street.

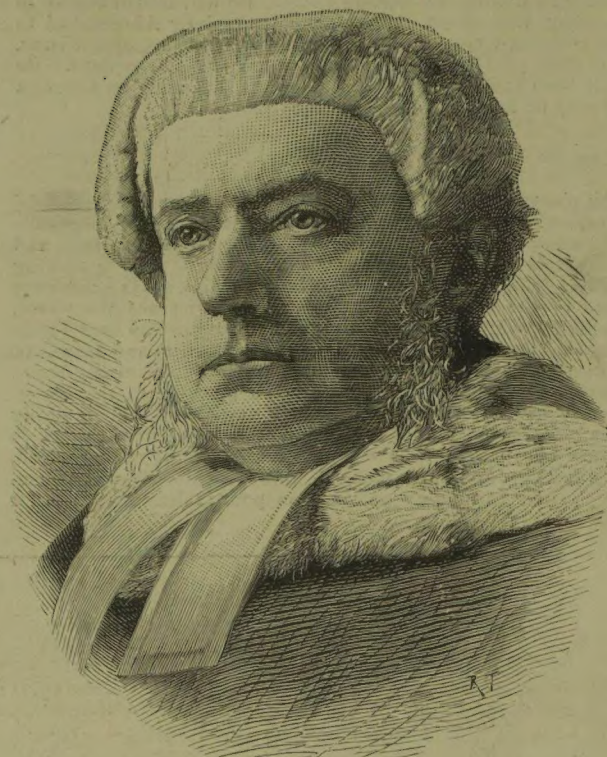
Messrs. Walter Osborne, R.H.A., James Clark, and W. F. Calderon have been elected members of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

The United States House of Representatives have passed the Copyright Bill by 139 to 95 votes. Its passage by the Senate is believed certain, and the President's approval is undoubted. The Bill permits foreigners to take an American copyright on the same basis as American citizens, in three cases: first, when the nation of the foreigner permits copyright to American citizens on substantially the same basis as its own; second, when the nation of the foreigner gives to American citizens copyright privileges similar to those provided in the Bill; third, when the nation of the foreigner is a party to an international agreement providing for reciprocity in copyright by terms by which the United States can become a party thereto at pleasure. A subsidiary proposition is that all the books copyrighted under the Act shall be printed from type set within the States or from plates made therefrom.—Mr. Cyrus W. Field celebrated his golden wedding in New York on Dec. 2, when he received several hundred guests, and was the recipient of a great number of presents. Scores of congratulatory telegrams were received by Mr. Field from all parts of the world, the most striking one being signed by sixty-three prominent Englishmen, including the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Monck, Archdeacon Farrar, and the Marquis of Tweeddale.





THE LATE VERY REV. R. W. CHURCH, LL.D.,  
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.



THE LATE MR. BARON HUDDLESTON.  
SEE OBITUARY NOTICES.



THE LATE LORD COTTESLOE.  
SEE OBITUARY NOTICES.

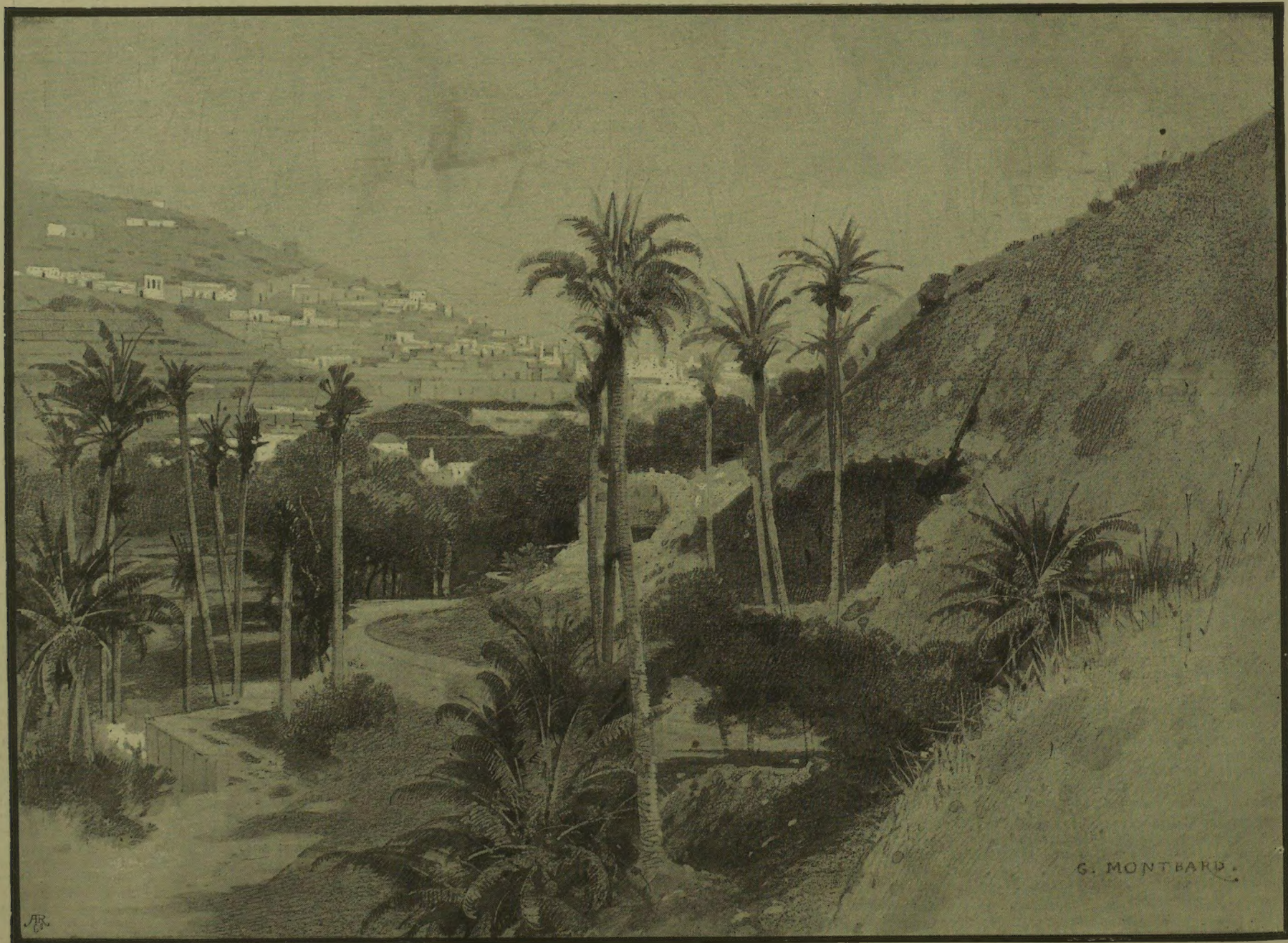
#### A VIEW IN GRAND CANARY.

The Canary Isles, so well described of late by Mrs. Olivia Stone and Mr. Charles Edwardes, consist of Teneriffe, with its sublime Peak, and the now favourite health-resort of Orotava; the central island, Grand Canary, which affords equally interesting scenery and historical associations; Gomera, Hierro, and Palma, to the west; Fuerteventura and Lazarote, to the east, nearer to the African coast. Grand Canary, of which Las Palmas is the port and chief town, being as easily accessible by the steam-ship as Teneriffe, should attract many English visitors, who will find delicious verdant recesses of its mountainous interior, watered by fresh springs, and fertile of luxuriant vegetation. The roads, which are excellent, wind through groves of palm, orange,

mulberry, giant laurel, eucalyptus, fig, olive, coffee, and other sub-tropical trees; past the plantations of sugar-cane, maize, and tobacco; between hedges of prickly pear and aloe, and gay with geraniums and oleanders; and through vineyards loaded with purple grapes. Higher up, wheat and barley are growing, together with familiar cherry- and plum-trees. Irrigation and incessant activity is the motto of the Canarian farmer, and, although his conservatism is deep-rooted, and his implements are primitive, the harvest is generally abundant. An excursion not to be omitted is that to the Caldera de Vandama, a grand extinct volcanic crater, 1000 ft. deep and half a mile in diameter, in the hills six miles south-west of Las Palmas. The road is through the pretty village of Tafira, by the coach that runs daily to San Mateo. Our View of the valley of San Roque, on this road, is from a photograph by

Ojeda, of Las Palmas. It was communicated to us by Mr. A. W. Groser, a recent sojourner in Grand Canary, who has written for us some acceptable notes on the present aspects of the island.

A Royal Charter of Incorporation has been granted to the society known as the Newspaper Press Fund, which was founded in 1864 for the assistance of journalists in adverse circumstances. The late Lord Houghton was the first president, and held that office until the time of his death, when the presidency was accepted by Sir Algernon Borthwick. The society, which has an average income from all sources of £2500, has rendered assistance to journalists to the extent of nearly £20,000, and has also accumulated an invested fund of a like amount. It has a membership of about 700 journalists.



VALLEY OF SAN ROQUE, ON THE ROAD TO TAFIRA, GRAND CANARY.





THE MASHONALAND EXPEDITION: BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA POLICE CROSSING A STREAM.

Grace Duncan (Miss Winifred Emery).

The People's Idol.



"In a manner of speaking."

Fairfield Abbey (Act II. Scene 2).

Lawrence St. Aubrey, J.P. (Mr. Wilson Barrett).

"THE PEOPLE'S IDOL," AT THE NEW OLYMPIC THEATRE.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

There is surely some value in first-night criticism, after all! It is the fashion with some people to condemn it in no measured terms. In these days, when all the world is in a hurry and a flurry—when evening editions and extra editions and special editions tread on one another's heels—when everything in the way of news is served up red-hot, we are told that the dramatic reviewer is alone to go to sleep. He is to wait to give his opinion until he is inspired to do so. He is to go ten or a dozen times to the playhouse before he is supposed to understand the value or the worth of a particular play. Into his ears are dinned the names of Hazlitt and Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt, who lived before the dawn of the modern newspaper. There are three classes of people who seem to object to first-night criticism. First, the manager, but only when he does not get a good notice. If his play is successful and his show is praised, there is nothing he loves so much as getting the praise hot, strong, and expeditiously. It will fill his house on the second night, and the money will come pouring in. Secondly, the journalist who does not care for the trouble of training himself to write directly after the play will decidedly object to first-night criticism. He takes the office of a journalist without being aware of its responsibilities. Thirdly, there is the contributor to a weekly paper, who has the mortification of seeing that someone has stolen his thunder. A friend has said exactly what he wanted to say before him. His best points have been discounted. He got up early in the morning to pick up the mushrooms in a corner of a field, but, alas! somebody else got up a little earlier and filled his basket. Surely, first-night criticism is one of the conditions of modern journalism: it may be right or it may be wrong, but it cannot well be avoided. If a trained journalist can write a "leader" full of criticism and application after a late sitting in the House of Commons, surely he can describe a play after a late sitting at the theatre. But if first-night criticisms are valueless, how is it that the suggestions they contain are so often followed?

Now, as far as I could gather, after sitting out "The People's Idol" at the New Olympic the other evening, it was quite clear that most of the experienced "tasters" of plays were pretty well agreed. The new theatre was comfortable, imposing, and well designed. Space, it must be remembered, is so extremely valuable in London that it is almost one of the necessities of modern theatre-building that the playhouse should run into height rather than breadth. If this were not so, we should have our best hotels with spacious courtyards and imposing entrances, as abroad. There is nothing to pay for sky space in the Metropolis, so up our modern buildings go into the air. Still, on the whole, it was all very well done. The pit people were delighted, and cheered both Mr. Wilnot and Mr. Wilson Barrett to the echo. There was no lack of modern improvements. The new electric light was turned on, the theatre was properly heated, the stage was visible from all parts of the house, and, so far, the only improvement that any selfish stallholder could suggest is a simple rail behind each row of stalls on which he can repose his weary feet. The "rake" from orchestra to the back of the theatre is so steep that if you bend forward in your stall you are in danger of tumbling on your nose. A lady can, no doubt, demand and obtain a footstool, but the restless frequenter of the stalls always wants a foot-rail. Messrs. Oetzmann, the furnisiers, will, no doubt, see to this. The shrimp pink plush is all very pretty, but a foot-rail would be worth all the plush that ever came out of the Hampstead-road. It would be a very ungrateful person who could seriously complain of the new theatre. It was designed for business rather than show, and it serves its purpose admirably.

And then, of course, Mr. Wilson Barrett had come back to London, and that was a great feature. His good work at the Princess's will never be forgotten. He rescued melodrama from the veneer of vulgarity. He gave us the "Silver King," one of the very best of modern melodramas. He gave us "Claudian" and "Clito." He produced "Junius," by the last Lord Lytton. He discovered George R. Sims and Henry A. Jones. He played "Hamlet." All that Mr. Wilson Barrett did in Oxford-street was earnest, refined, and popular work. It did not follow that because a play was poetic it should not be popular. Everyone wanted the tide of ill-luck to turn in favour of this excellent actor. And so it has, so far as I can see. The New Olympic play is a clever, showy, and attractive piece of work. It contains some admirable scenes, and is the means of bringing forward some clever young people—this was always a hobby of Mr. Barrett's. One of the authors—Mr. Victor Widnell—is a youth; the leading actress is scarcely out of her teens. But when I saw the play on the first night, I and others fancied we detected an insufficient motive-power. The fringe was more attractive than the fabric. An excellent fellow who has killed a man in self-defence accuses himself of being a murderer, and as such to be shunned and avoided by respectable people. There is some plausibility in this motive, but it was not worked out well in the play. I can imagine a novelist, with space at his command, who would be able to describe the conscience of the humane man who has killed a fellow-creature, even in self-defence, as being haunted with remorse. But there was no canvas for this exposition of conscience in the play. We merely said to one another, "It is absurd!" A man who, unarmed, knocks down and stuns a wretch who has his hand on a revolver is no murderer. The law would acquit him: his friends would applaud him. This was the weak spot in the play to the tasters of plays. They thought so, and said so. And the worst of it was that this insufficient motive indirectly spoiled the characterisation. It spoiled the hero, it weakened the heroine, it ruined the effect of their charming love-scene. In fact, it gave the People's Idol as severe a back fall as he had received from the didactic hero. The inevitable result followed. All those who had not been present on the first night, or who, having been present, were not able to get out the truth quickly enough, thought it vastly clever to contradict deliberately all that had been advanced against the play. They could see nothing amiss with the motive at all. It was all as it should be. Instead of thinking Miss Lillie Belmore "over-weighted," she ought to have had much more to do. Never was there such a hero as Mr. Wilson Barrett, or such a heroine as Miss Winifred Emery! Bad parts, indeed! When had they ever done anything better? And so it went on. Everything that was called black was considered white instantly. As I read all this, I smiled to myself, and thought of a remark once made to me when I ventured to disagree with an actress who thought no small beer of herself: "Dear Sir, yours is not criticism, it is retaliation!" They all say those sweet things when we do not agree with them. And so it seemed in the case of the "People's Idol." To run counter, in a flippant way, to everything that has been advanced in a serious way, is not criticism, it is childishness. It hurts the very person that is singled out for mercy. It does far more harm than good.

But Mr. Wilson Barrett is not the kind of man to listen to the voice of these charmers, charm they never so wisely. He knows, as do all practical dramatists, that the idea you conceive to be excellent is very often very faulty in execution. What looks very well on paper does not come out so well on the stage. So

Mr. Wilson Barrett once more put his back against the wall. He didn't mean to give in, and he is a fighter. He took the manuscript home, he altered the motive, he strengthened what was weak, and, behold! with a lightning change it is a new play altogether. Not only is the new motive natural and probable, but it increases the power and the value of the leading characters, and gives a splendid finale to the last act, which was ambitious but tottering. The play has been virtually saved, and the only people who are supremely ludicrous are those who ridiculed the comments first offered. They show, at any rate, their inability to "taste" a play. Their method of tasting is to differ with the man who has first held the glass. If one says this is a fine glass of claret, the other insists that it is a very bad glass of rum! And this they consider tasting: this is their idea of criticism.

At any rate, "The People's Idol" is well worth seeing. The scenery is magnificent, particularly the Abbey ruins, where the murder is committed (see our illustration), and the favourite Wilson Barrett could alone have carried the play on his shoulders with a very difficult part. Miss Winifred Emery is charming, with far too little to do, and Miss Belmore, clever and promising, with too much to her account. Mr. George Barrett does not quite grasp a very effective and showy character, but Mr. Stafford Smith is excellent as a downright, common-sense working man. Directly these weary ante-Christmas weeks are over "The People's Idol" will become very popular.

Among the noteworthy events of the week have been an excellent revival of "The Red Lamp" on one of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's "Mondays" at the Haymarket. By the way, "The Red Lamp" is not a new title. I have discovered that it was used for an old Surrey play in the days of Davidge.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the Savoy on Tuesday to celebrate the birthday of "The Gondoliers." Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted. All the ladies received bouquets of flowers from Mr. D'Oyly Carte, and the charming opera never went better. Everyone was loud in praise of Miss Esther Palliser, the new prima donna.

## CHAMPION PLATE, SMITHFIELD SHOW.

The ninety-third cattle show of the Smithfield Club, which opened on Dec. 8, at Islington, is admitted to be one of the best ever held, and is remarkable for the great success attained



THE CHALLENGE PLATE FOR BEST SHOW CATTLE, WON BY THE QUEEN.

by the Queen. The Queen's Shorthorn heifer named Princess Josephine II., which won the champion prize at Birmingham, proved to be also the best animal in the London show, and carried off the Champion Plate, after winning the first prize in her class, the cup for the best female in the cattle class, and the Breed Cup for the best Shorthorn. This heifer was bred by Mr. W. Duthie, Collynie, Tarves, Aberdeenshire, and reared by Mr. Clement Stephenson, Aberdeen. The Queen also exhibited the best Devon, and won eight other prizes. The Prince of Wales was successful with his Southdown sheep.

The challenge cup was presented by Messrs. Elkington and Co. to the Birmingham Cattle Show, for the best animal in the cattle classes, to be won two years successively, or any three years, by the same exhibitor. The first challenge cup became the property of Mr. John Price, Pembridge, Herefordshire, in 1882. The second challenge cup became the property of Mr. Clement Stephenson, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1884, and the third, having been awarded two years successively to her Majesty the Queen, has this year become her property. The animal which has this time brought success to the Queen is a superb Shorthorn heifer from the Windsor Farm, and is in every way a remarkable animal.

The Earl of Carnarvon has been unanimously elected Lord High Steward of Newbury, in the place of the late Earl, who filled that office for many years.

The Portrait of the late Lord Cottesloe is from a photograph by Messrs. Byrne and Co., of Richmond; and that of the late Mr. Baron Huddleston from one by Mr. G. Jerrard, of the Claudet Studio, Regent-street. Short personal notices will be found in the Obituary this week.

An exhibition of pictures and sculpture is now open at the Royal Arcade Gallery (Old Bond-street), which we especially commend to the notice of those whose interest in art extends to artists. It consists of offerings made by the friends of a promising young sculptor, Mr. R. A. Ledward, whose career has been suddenly cut short, leaving a widow and four children. Mr. Burne-Jones contributes three pencil sketches and one crayon drawing; Mr. Onslow Ford, a torso in bronze, and a very wonderful plaster head; Mr. Brangwyn, a sea-piece; Mr. Walter Crane, a wood nymph; and many other friends send characteristic works, of which the proceeds go to form a fund, of which Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen is the hon. treasurer. The prices asked for the various works of art are in no way prohibitive, and it is to be hoped that the public will take advantage of this occasion to co-operate with the artists in helping their late colleague's widow. In addition to the artists already named, contributions will be found from Mr. Aubrey Hunt, Miss Dora Noyes, Mr. Jacob Hood, Mr. James Clark, Mr. Nelson Dawson, Mr. J. Troop, and many others.

## THE MASHONALAND EXPEDITION.

We have already published a few Sketches of the very long march of the British South Africa Company's expedition, commanded by Colonel Pennefather, from the northern part of the Bechuana Protectorate eastward, through the Matabele country ruled by King Lobengula, who is still friendly, to Mashonaland, where the company intends to open valuable goldmines. A force of armed police, mustering five hundred, was raised and equipped to escort this expedition, which had also a Pioneer Corps of 180 men, under Major Johnson. The distance traversed from Mafeking, in Bechuanaaland, to Mount Hampden, at the source of the Mozoe River, in Mashonaland, is 640 miles; and Mount Hampden, which is 1500 miles distant from Capetown, not far south of the Lower Zambesi, was reached at the end of August. This place is to be the headquarters of active operations, and will hereafter be connected, by roads to be made, with Tete, the chief river port on the Zambesi, and with the Pungwe, an outlet to the East Coast of Africa. But we regret to learn, by recent telegrams, that quarrels have arisen between the Portuguese and the agents of the British Company in the district of Manica, which is claimed as Portuguese territory, pending the settlement of frontier questions by diplomatic negotiations in Europe. The accounts are yet imperfect and scarcely intelligible, but it seems there has been a violent collision, or some threats at least of violence; and the Portuguese Government has sent vessels of war to the mouth of the Pungwe River.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

Ireland has so far gained by the split in the Home Rule camp that, while acrimonious discussion raged in Committee Room No. 15, the Government was able to push forward beneficial legislation for the Sister Isle. Thus, before Parliament adjourned on the Ninth of December till the Twenty-second of January, the Ministry had the satisfaction of knowing that the Irish Land Purchase and Land Department Bills had been read the second time, and that Parliament had actually passed the Irish Potato Seed Supply and Irish Transfer Railway Bills. Mr. Balfour's trip to the potato-famine districts has quickly borne fruit. The remarkably able Secretary for Ireland, indeed, deserves every credit for the promptitude with which he introduced his ameliorative measures, and may fairly be congratulated upon their speedy adoption. Another feather in the cap of the Ministry is that the Tithes Bill has also been read the second time. Well may Ministers have parted somewhat jubilantly for the Christmas Holidays.

The worn white face of Mr. Gladstone, as he sat during the momentous fortnight on the front Opposition bench, has been pitiful to watch. The venerable Leader of the Opposition has manifestly deeply felt the political blow dealt him by the disruption of the Home Rule Party, which he had so sedulously cultivated of late years. With a dignity worthy of his high reputation, he declined to be drawn into a discussion on certain features of a future Home Rule Bill with the deputation of Irish members sent by Mr. Parnell. Mr. Gladstone was too old a Parliamentary hand to be put off the scent. He reminded the deputation that the one point to be decided first was the question of Mr. Parnell's leadership.

Mr. Parnell and his staunch followers (there were twenty-nine faithful members who still supported their blond chieftain) were furious when Mr. Gladstone's answer came up for debate in Committee Room No. 15, on Saturday, the Sixth of December. Mr. Parnell, who was in a white heat, declined to accept Mr. Abraham's motion for his deposition from the post of Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party. He snatched the paper from the hand of Mr. Justin McCarthy, the gentle deputy chairman; and at one moment, the report goes, a personal contest seemed to be imminent between the tall slender member for Cork and the short but stoutly built member for Londonderry. Mr. Tim Healy dealt his quondam leader one or two severe thrusts, which provoked angry retorts from Mr. Parnell, who smarted when pungently reminded of the real issue—his connection with the Roman Catholic Bishops in Ireland, and repudiated by the majority of his colleagues, comprising such well-known men as Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. John Dillon, Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. T. M. Healy, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor. In the end, the majority of Irish members, forty-five in number, finding that all appeals to reason were in vain, marched out of the committee-room and formed themselves into an Irish "Nationalist Party" with Mr. Justin McCarthy as Chairman, the twenty-nine Parnellites left resolving to be steadfast in their support of Mr. Parnell. In view of this split in the Irish Home Rule Party, the pending elections at Bassetlaw and North Kilkeny are of exceptional interest.

The sad death of Mrs. Peel elicited general sympathy with the Speaker in his bereavement, and drew an impressive tribute from the House when Mr. Smith and Mr. Gladstone offered the condolence of the Commons to the right hon. gentleman. Mr. Peel has done so much to restore the efficiency of the House as a legislative assembly that it is earnestly to be hoped he may be well enough to resume the Chair in the New Year.

A copious list of novelties for Christmas and New Year gifts has been published by Messrs. Godwin and Son, goldsmiths and silversmiths, of 304, High Holborn, who will be happy to send the book, post free, to any person applying for it. They will also forward a parcel of goods on approval, upon receipt of a reference or a deposit.

The Amateur Art and Loan Exhibition for the benefit of the Working Ladies' Guild, held at Kent House, was opened by H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, and attracted many by the interesting objects brought together. It must be admitted, however, that the ladies' amateur work of the day runs in somewhat narrower grooves than in the days of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, when, in consequence of the closing of the Continent, ladies turned their taste and talents to useful as well as ornamental objects. It is true that time has added hammered metal work to the list of ladies' occupations, and we can frankly congratulate Miss Baden-Powell on the design and workmanship of her *repoussé* panels in silver. Water-colour painting has, however, been a solace and pastime for ladies since it was first introduced among us; but it has only become the occupation of Royal Princesses within comparatively recent years—the Empress Frederick, then Princess Royal of England, leading the way in the exhibition started for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the Crimean War. Since then other members of the Royal family have shown their practical knowledge of art, Princess Beatrice appearing on this occasion both as a landscape and a flower painter—a view of Florence from her hand being remarkably good, and displaying much original thought. The sketches of costume in the early part of the present century console us with the thought that, in whatever other respects we may have ground for regretting "the good old times," in dress at least we have made some progress towards comfort and elegance.



## MR. W. L. THOMAS AND THE "GRAPHIC."

The progress of illustrated journalism, in England and all over the world, is a feature in the social history of the past century which we can afford to regard not only with the just pride of having set the first example, but with a liberal satisfaction on account of so great an addition to the means of intellectual entertainment and useful instruction provided for this generation of mankind. The *Graphic*, though our junior by twenty-seven years, "came of age," as is humorously said, on Thursday, Dec. 4, and its twenty-first birthday was celebrated, in the sociable English fashion, by giving a dinner, at the Hôtel Métropole, to Mr. W. L. Thomas, the able manager, who was also presented with a handsome service of plate. Among the three hundred guests at table were Professor Herkomer, R.A., the chairman; Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A.; Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A.; Sir James Linton, Mr. Wyllie, Mr. Seymour Lucas, Mr. MacWhirter, Mr. Val Prinsep, and other artists; Mr. Locker, editor of the *Graphic*; Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. William Black, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and Mr. R. E. Francillon, names esteemed in literature; the Right Hon. Cecil Raikes, M.P., Postmaster-General, the ex-Lord Mayor, Sir Henry Isaacs, Sir Spencer Wells, Bart., M.D., Sir P. Cunliffe Owen, Sir John Pender, and other gentlemen of public note. The toast of the evening was proposed by the chairman, Professor Herkomer bearing personal testimony to the encouragement which many artists have received from Mr. Thomas's manner of dealing with them. The chairman of the testimonial committee, Mr. A. Helder, gave an account of its proceedings, read letters from the Prince of Wales, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Frederick Leighton, and others who could not be present, and then requested Mr. Thomas to accept the silver plate, given "in recognition of the valuable services rendered by him in originally founding the *Graphic*, and subsequently, by his ability and energy, contributing so much towards its successful development and present high position as an illustrated paper." The health of Mr. Thomas was drunk with great cordiality, and he returned thanks in a pleasant speech, after which several customary and appropriate toasts were duly honoured. We give an illustration of the silver plate, which was manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent-street, as well as a diamond bracelet presented to Mrs. Thomas on this agreeable occasion.

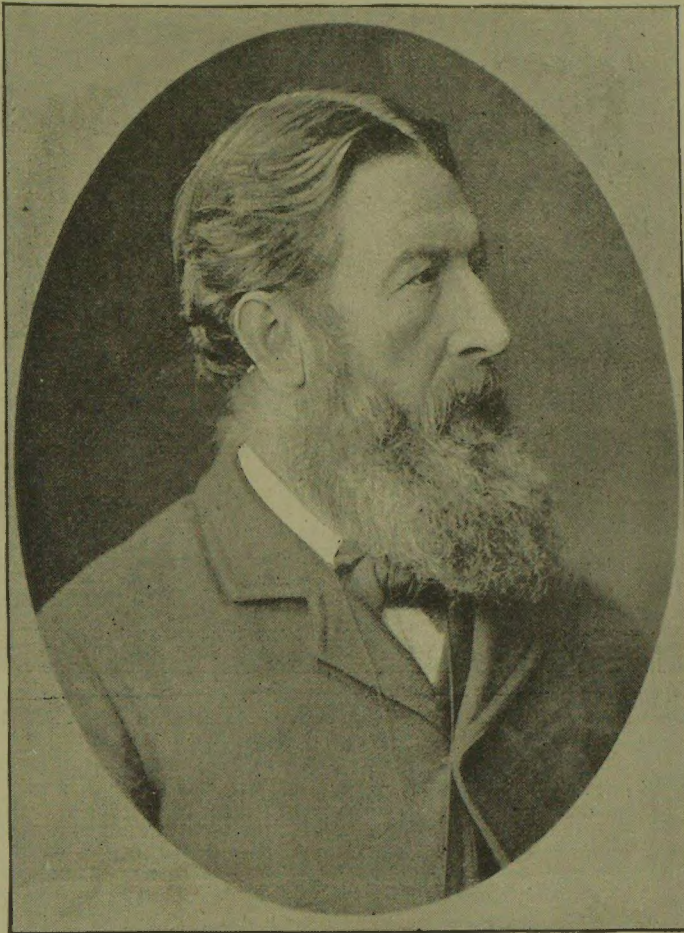
## QUEEN MARY'S ISLAND-GARDEN.

Callander, as every visitor to the Highlands knows, lies on the very threshold of Lakeland. Here the flowing Teith issues from Loch Lubnaig by one branch and from Loch Vennachar by another—the two enclosing a wooded peninsula, which abounds in striking prospects. Loch Vennachar opens into Loch Achray, and Loch Achray, through the Trossachs, into Loch Katrine, from the upper end of which you may easily reach the northern extremity of that most beautiful of Scottish lakes, Loch Lomond. Loch Lubnaig, in an opposite direction, takes you to Lochearnhead, where you may strike northward to many a loch lying, lonely and still, in the folds of the great mountains. All this district is included within the region consecrated by the genius of Sir Walter Scott. But our present purpose is to visit Loch Menteith, and crossing Callander Bridge, from which we gain a glorious view of Ben Ledi and of the clustering peaks that rise beyond Loch Vennachar, we keep our face southward for about four miles, following an almost unfrequented road, which stretches over an undulating tract of heath-land, where the lark's song, dropping in golden notes from the blue lift above, is interrupted by the doleful cry of the peewit, as with circling flight he endeavours to draw us farther and farther from his nest. On a summer's morning no one need desire a more exhilarating or picturesque walk. Where the road bends to the westward, three crystalline lochlets, or pools, sleep by the wayside, reflecting so clearly the azure heaven that they seem to the wayfarer like bits of sky which, somehow or other, have gone astray on earth. Round about lie patches of morass, where water-plants thrive luxuriantly—rich breadths of purple heath—and tiny rills and runlets fringed by green mosses, orchises, and ferns. At length we turn to the right, and descend for a mile and a half into a leafy vale, at the bottom of which opens the fair lake we are in search of, with three small islands on its bosom.

Though the Lake of Menteith has no pretensions to vie with such noble basins as Loch Lomond, Loch Awe, or even Loch Katrine, it has a quiet charm and a pastoral beauty of its own which, to the traveller fresh from the grander aspects of nature, has something very reposeful about it. On the north it is freely bordered by oaks, Spanish chestnuts, and planes of stately proportions and venerable age. Some of the chestnuts were saplings when Scotland was still an independent kingdom. On the south the ground lifts gradually from the waterside in sunny fields and pastures. The chief interest centres, however, in its triad of isles or islets, or, rather, in one of them, poetically named Inchmahome, or "the Isle of Rest," to which we shall presently recur. To the east of Inchmahome is Tulla ("a hall"), or the Earl's Isle, on which the Earls of Menteith, the ancient chiefs of this countryside, had their residence. They kept their kennel on the smallest of the three—still known as the Dogs' Isle. Some remains of the castle of the Grahams, which seems to have been of considerable size, and to have enclosed a quadrangular court, may still be traced among the dense brushwood of Tulla. The most spacious of the buildings was at one time divided into three apartments. On the lower storey was the hall, hung, as we know from an inventory two centuries old, "with green drogit hangings, with gilt rods," and furnished with "ane large table," "ane folding table," "ane house clock and case thereof," "a pair of virginals," and "my lord and lady's portraits, and hangings before them." On the upper storey were two bed-rooms, each containing "ane standing bed." On the east side of the island was the brew-house, which boasted of a bed-chamber "hung with green," and furnished with two

beds, "one of green stuffe, with rods and pands conjoint," the other of "red scarlet cloath"; also, with a table and red table-cloth, and a red scarlet resting-chair. There were three bed-rooms in a tower, and kitchen and servants' apartments in separate buildings on the west side of the island; but on the whole, we should say that the castle of the Menteiths was to be commended for its security rather than its luxurious accommodation.

Two lakes and two islands figure in the changeful story of Mary Queen of Scots. The first was this Loch Menteith, with the island of Inchmahome, which, hiring a boat at the clean and



MR. W. L. THOMAS, MANAGER OF THE "GRAPHIC."

comfortable inn, near the parish kirk and thesecluded manse—happy the priest who, far from the world's din, there enjoys a life of peaceful usefulness!—we proceed to visit. A short row lands us on its green shores, and we plunge at once in among the grand old Spanish chestnuts—some standing "stark and peeled, like gigantic antlers," others flourishing in all their comely strength—and, in a thicket of wood and tangled undergrowth, come upon the remains of a monastery of great beauty, exquisite both in workmanship and design. This priory, an Augustinian foundation, dates from the thirteenth century, when it was established by Walter Comyn of Badenoch. In 1363, David II. was married in its stately church to his second wife, Margaret Logie. The style of architecture prevailing is what is known as Early English; and very pure Early English, as may be seen in the graceful and shapely arches which separated the north aisle from the nave, and are still existing. The mouldings of the western entrance, which is deeply recessed, are exquisite. The chancel contains the tomb of the founder, and a monument of two figures—a knight in full armour, with a triangular shield, bearing the Stewart arms, and by his side a lady with her arm embracing his neck, both cut out of a single stone.

When an English army invaded Scotland in 1547, to force upon the Scottish Estates a marriage contract between Prince Edward, son of Henry VIII., and Mary the child-Queen of

the remains of a double row of boxwood all round, the plants being about fourteen to sixteen feet high, evidently of great age, but thriving in green health. There is something very touching in this "living relic" of the wayward and unhappy Queen, whose life-story has still so strong a fascination for mankind—a story which, no doubt, will continue to move (as Dr. John Brown puts it) the hearts of men "as long as the grey hills stand round about that gentle lake, and are mirrored at evening in its depths." Just think that the childish eyes of the beautiful Queen saw those hills as we see them now—and this fair expanse of water—and, maybe, some of the venerable trees which stretch over our heads their sheltering boughs, and that she was taught here by the monks of old, and lisped in the sanctuary her infant prayers, all unconscious of the black thunder-clouds which were to break over her future life—all unconscious of that other island on Loch Leven where, in her ripe womanhood, she was to fret and chafe, a prisoner though a Queen! Fancy the little, lovely Royal child, with her four Marys, her playfellows, her child maids-of-honour, with their little hands and feet, and their innocent and happy eyes, pattering about this garden all that time ago, laughing and running and gardening as only children do and can! It is a gracious vision, is it not? Turn from it to the black scaffold at Fotheringay, and the meddling chaplain, the sobbing maids-of-honour, and the masked headsman, and then muse upon the bitter irony of life.

W. H. D.-A.

## THE WRECK OF H.M.S. SERPENT.

In addition to the various illustrations that have appeared of the disastrous wreck of this ship, with the drowning of the officers and nearly all the seamen, on Nov. 10, at Punta del Buey, north of Corunna, on the Spanish coast of the Bay of Biscay, we have received drawings of a large piece of the steel hull, as it lay cast upon the rocks. This fragment is 43 ft. long; the whole length of the ship was 225 ft., with 36 ft. breadth of beam, as built in the Devonport Dockyard. The steel plates and riveting seem to have been good and well put together. It will be observed that this portion of the hull is lying keel uppermost; the fore end, as far as the boiler-room, is to the left hand in the larger drawing, a view of the side; and a separate view of the fore end, looking to seaward, is presented in the smaller drawing. The piece of wreck here shown was washed up on the night of Nov. 22, and was visited by the officers of H.M.S. Lapwing. The torpedoes and stores in the torpedo-room were found apparently uninjured.

At a meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, held on Dec. 11 at its house, John-street, Adelphi, the silver medal of the institution, and a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum, were awarded to three life-boat coxswains—namely, Messrs. Robert Wright, Fleetwood; John Hughes, Bull Bay; and Robert Roberts, Permon; also to John Fogg, George Wilkinson, David Roberts, Peter Fernie, and William Riach, in acknowledgment of their gallant services in saving life from shipwrecks on our coast. Rewards to the amount of nearly £700 were also granted to the crews of life-boats and shore-boats for services rendered during November, in addition to which payments amounting to £2354 were made on the 300 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £1400 from an anonymous donor to defray the cost of new life-boats for Aldborough and Uppang, £702 from P. J. N., £100 "Anonymous," and £63 9s. 6d. additional from the Independent Order of Odd Fellows (M.U.) New life-boats have been sent to Swanage and Uppang, and life-boats at Wexford and Queens-town have been altered and fitted with all the modern improvements.

Mr. Benson, Queen's jeweller, of Old Bond-street, has issued a list of specialties, containing many pleasing designs at moderate charges, suitable for Christmas or New Year presents. The book will be sent post free on application to J. A. Benson, 25, Old Bond-street, W.

The Board of Trade returns for November show that imports for the month amounted to £37,152,273, being a decrease of £4,184,818 as compared with November 1889. Exports for the month amounted to £21,025,553, being a decrease of £1,244,485 as compared with the corresponding month in 1889. For the eleven months ended Nov. 30 the imports amounted to £381,456,247, being a decrease of £8,144,987 as compared with the corresponding period, in 1889. Exports for the eleven months amounted to £242,158,230, being an increase of £14,181,003 as compared with the same period in 1889.

A report which recently appeared to the effect that the Prince of Wales had rejoined the Honourable Artillery Company is stated to be unfounded.

The *Spirit of the Times*, of New York, says: "An extraordinary advance in the use of cocoa seems to have taken place of late years in England. In the House of Commons this last Session the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, called attention to it as the cause for much of the falling-off of the use of coffee. He attributed it in a measure to the position a preparation of cocoa known as 'Grateful and Comforting' had taken. In accord with this suggestion it may be interesting to follow the course cocoa has taken in England since 1832, when the duty, which had been standing at 6d. per lb., with an importation of under half a million pounds, was reduced to 2d. per lb.; and not long after we find the homœopathic doctrine of medicine introduced into the kingdom, and that the use of cocoa was specially advocated by physicians adopting that mode of practice. Soon after we find the first homœopathic chemists established in England (the firm of James Epps and Co.) produced a special preparation, which only needed boiling water or milk to be at once ready for the table, and the superior character of this production has, no doubt, done much, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, to bring about (backed as it was by a further reduction of the duty to 1d. per lb.) the advance made."



PLATE PRESENTED TO MR. W. L. THOMAS, BY THE PROPRIETORS OF THE "GRAPHIC."

Scots (she was then only five years old), the Royal child was hurried off to the island priory for safety, and remained there, among the planes and chestnuts, for a few months, until she could be conveyed to France. She has left a touching memorial of her brief sojourn.

Making your way through the mossy ruins, overgrown with ferns and Spanish filberts and old fruit-trees, you come, at a corner of the old monastic garden, upon this souvenir—Queen Mary's Bower, or, more correctly, Queen Mary's Child Garden—an oval space, about eighteen by twelve feet, with

find the homœopathic doctrine of medicine introduced into the kingdom, and that the use of cocoa was specially advocated by physicians adopting that mode of practice. Soon after we find the first homœopathic chemists established in England (the firm of James Epps and Co.) produced a special preparation, which only needed boiling water or milk to be at once ready for the table, and the superior character of this production has, no doubt, done much, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, to bring about (backed as it was by a further reduction of the duty to 1d. per lb.) the advance made."





REMAINS OF H.M.S. SERPENT WASHED UP ON THE ROCKS AT PUNTO DEL BUEY.

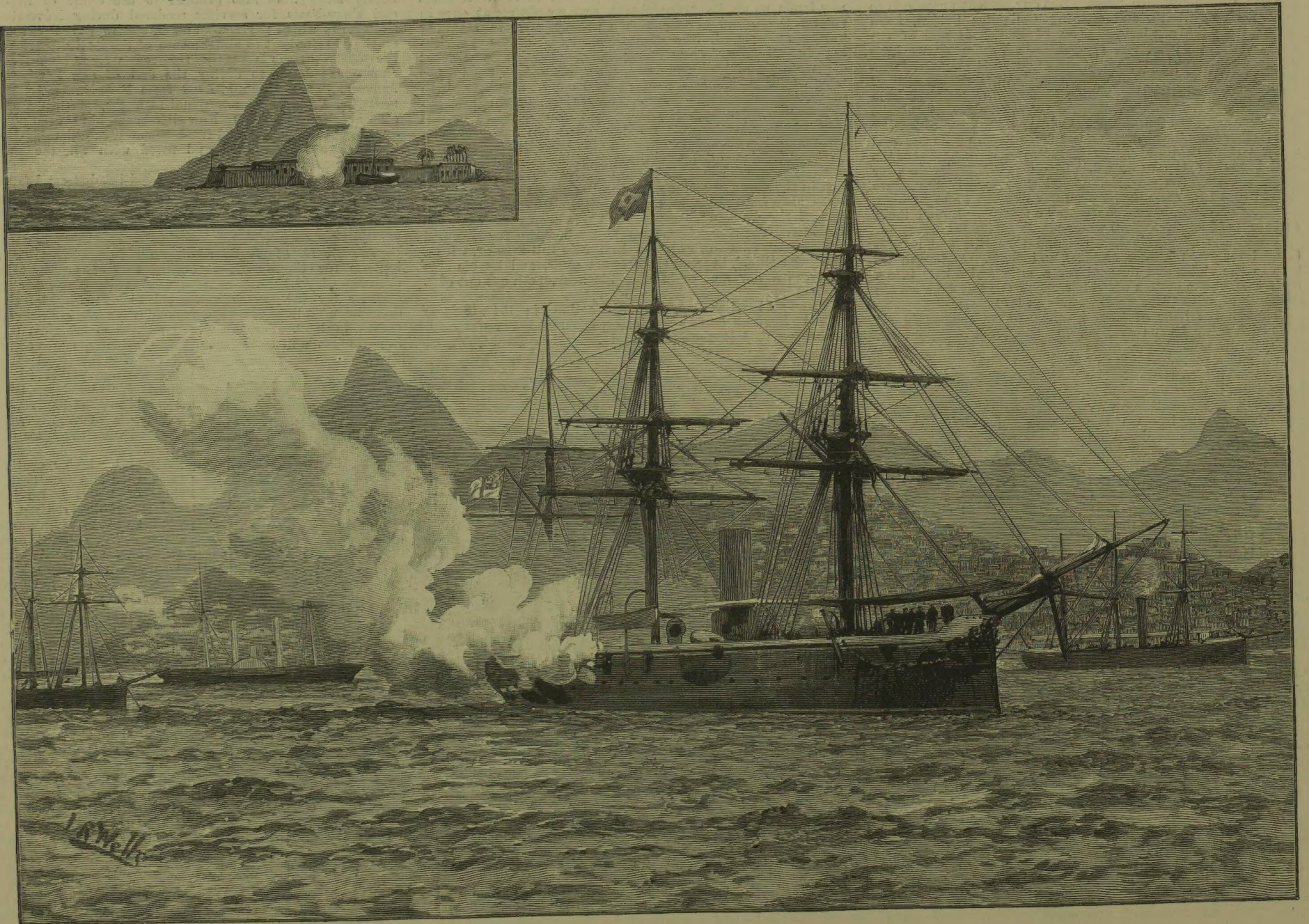
**SALUTING THE BRAZILIAN REPUBLIC.**

In South America, as in Europe, the revolutionary transformation of an Empire into a Republic, though an event of historical significance, is calmly recognised by the Governments of the oldest and most powerful Monarchies, including that of Great Britain, wherever the country promises, under its new Constitution, to respect existing international obligations. Since Brazil, the great community of Portuguese

origin, with its vast territories, ruled till lately by an elder branch of one of the most ancient and illustrious Royal houses, has chosen to make such a change in its own political institutions, there has been no indisposition among the European Powers to admit the right of the Brazilians to set up what form of government they pleased. At Rio de Janeiro, on Nov. 13, the flag of the Brazilian Republic was formally saluted by the guns of H.M.S. Cleopatra, the flag-ship of the senior commanding officer of the British naval squadron, and

the salute was duly returned by the batteries of Fort Villegagnon, which guards the entrance to the harbour below the Sugarloaf Mountain. We have been favoured with two sketches of these scenes by an officer of that ship. Many foreign men-of-war lay in the harbour, including some of the United States Navy, the Pensacola, Essex, and others. On Nov. 15, the first anniversary of proclaiming the new Republic was celebrated at Rio and in other towns of Brazil, which comprises twenty provinces, with a population of ten millions.

Fort Villegagnon Returning the Admiral's Salute.



H.M.S. Cleopatra Saluting Brazilian Flag at Rio de Janeiro.

RECOGNITION OF THE REPUBLIC OF BRAZIL BY GREAT BRITAIN.





DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

*Over and over upon the floor, the old man striving all he knew to kill me. . . . and over us, as we fought upon the earth, was glimmering in a minute the red-copper glow, the towering form, and the cruel, shrieking flails of that exulting demon we had invented.*

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHENICIAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.



## THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHENICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

### CHAPTER XXII.

He who has not left something sad behind him, and rewoke in the sunshine to feel the golden elixir of health and happiness moving in his veins anew, may take it that he has at least one pleasure yet unspent.

I opened my eyes the next morning in as sweet a frame of contentment as anyone could wish for. They had put me to sleep in a chamber in that same wing of the rearward buildings where slept Elizabeth and her father; thus when I roused, the yellow sun was pouring in at my lattice, rich with sweet country scents, and the April air was swaying the white curtains, hung by dainty female hands across the diamond panes, with youth and sweetness in every breath. I lay and basked in it, and lazily wondered what all this changing fortune might mean. Where had I got to? Who was I? I turned about and stared upon the smooth white walls of the little room, patterned and tinselled with the dancing sunshine from outside, then gazed at the great carved columns of my four-post bedstead, then to the head, where, in a wide wooden field, were blazoned old Faulkener's arms and cognisance. I turned to all the chairs, dusted so clean and set back true and straight, to the ewer and the basin, full of limpid water from the well that caught the morning shine and threw a dancing constellation of speckled light upon the ceiling; I wondered even at the bare floor, scrubbed until there was no spot upon it, and the snowy furniture of my couch and those downy pillows upon which I presently sank back in luxurious indolence.

Was I indeed that rude rough captain of a grizzled cohort, with sinews of steel and frame impervious to the soft touch of pleasure, who only yesterday had burst through all the glittering phalanxes of France, and cut a way with that arm that lay supine upon the coverlet right down through the thickets of their spears to where the white *fleur de lys* flashed in their mid-most shelter? Could I be that same wanderer who, down the devious ways of chance, had tried a thousand ventures, and slept in palaces and ditches, and drank from the same cup with kings and the same trough with outlaws? I laughed and stretched, and presently gave over speculating, and rose.

I washed and dressed, and went to the lattice and looked forth. It was as sweet a morning as you could wish for. The tepid sunshine spread over everything, fleecy clouds were floating overhead upon the softest of winds, the sweet new-vernished leaves were glittering in the dew upon every bush, the small birds singing far and near, the kine lowing as they went to grass, the distant cock crowed proudly from his vantage-point among the straw, and everything seeped fair, fresh, and happy in that budding season.

I had not been luxuriating in the sweet leisure many minutes, when by below came Mistress Bess, with cheeks like roses, and kerchief whiter than snow, and brown unstranded hair that lifted on the breeze—a very fair vision indeed. That maid tripped across the grass and down the cobble stones, rattling the shiny milk-pan she was carrying until she caught a sight of me, and stopped below my window. Then, saucy, she began: "How looks the world from there, Sir? A little too young and chilly for your tenderness? Get back abed, it will presently be June, and then, no doubt, more nicely suited to your valour's mind."

"Nay, but, lady," I explained, "I was enjoying the morning air, and just coming to seek you."

"That were a thousand pities," she laughed: "the sun has not yet been up more than some poor hour or two, and the world is not yet nicely warmed; you might have a chill, and that were much to be deplored; besides, a silken suit is rarely needed where work has to be done. Back to thy nest, Sir Prentice! Back to thy nest, and I'll send old Margery to tuck thee snugly up!" And the young girl, laughing like a brook in springtime, went on and left me there discomfited.

Nevertheless, I went down and took the plain but wholesome breakfast that they offered me, and afterwards whiled away an hour or so upon the bench in wondering silently what all this meant, where it was drifting to, how it would end, whether it were, indeed, ending or beginning. And then came round the girl again, and, railing me on my melancholy, took me out to see the herds and fields, and was all the time so sweetly insolent, after her nature, and yet so velvet soft, that I was fairly gladdened by her.

This maid, with the quick woman tongue, that was so pointed, and could at need hurt so much, and the blue, speaking eyes that were as tender and straightforward as her speech was full of covert thorns, led me out into the orchards. First she took me to where the milk was stored, a roomy open shed, smelling of cool cleanliness, with white benches down the sides and red flagged floor, and great open pans of crimson ware full of frothy milk. Outside the low straw-eaves the swallows were chattering, while the emerald meadows, through the farther doorway, glistened and gleamed in the bright spring sunshine. Here we discovered two country girls at work making curds and cheese and butter; ruddy, buxom damsels with strong round arms bare to the shoulder, with rattling clogs upon their feet, white gowns tucked up, and kerchiefs on their heads. These curtseyed as we entered, and rattled the pans about, and sent the strong streams of warm new milk gushing from pail to pan. And then presently, when I had watched a time their busy labour, nothing would suit Mistress Faulkener but I should try! That saucy, laughing girl would have it so; and, glancing at the delighted milkmaids, dragged me to a churn, there bidding me roll a sleeve to the elbow, and take the long handle thus, and thus, and "put my strength into it," and show I could do something to earn a luncheon. And I, ever strong and willing, did her bidding, and rolled back my silk and lawn, and bared the thews that had made me dreadful and victorious in a thousand combats, and seized that white straight rod. But, Ho! 'twas not my trade, I had more strength than art, and the first stroke that I made upon the curdling stuff within the white fluid leapt in a glittering fountain to the roof above and I drenched the screaming maidens; the second stroke from my stalwart shoulders started two iron hoops binding the strong ash ribs of that churn and made it swirl upon the tiles, while at the third mighty fall the rammer was shivered to the grasp, and the milk escaped and went in twenty meandering rivulets across the floor! At this uproar those fair confederates and drove me forth with boisterous anger, saying I had wasted more value in good milk than most likely all my life so far had earned.

While they put right my amiss I sat upon a mossy wall and wiped dry my hose and doublet. Nor was there long to sit before out came my comely hostess with forgiveness in her smiling eyes. "Did I now see," she queried, "how presumptuous it was to meddle with such things as were beyond one's capacity?"

To which I answered that I truly saw. "And did I

crave forgiveness—would I make amends?" And to that I said she had but to try me in some venture where my rough, unruly strength might tell, and she should see. So peace was made between us, and on we went again to note how the crimson buds were setting on the sunny, red garden walls; to explore her sloping orchards, and count the frolic lambs that clustered round the distant folds.

It was her kingdom, and here her knowledge battered mine. This she soon found out; and when I showed at fault in the stratagems of husbandry, or tripped in politics of herds or flocks, she would glance at me through her half-shut lids, and demurely ask:—

"Are you of good learning, friend?"

And to that I answered that "I had so much as might be picked up in a reasonably long life—not scholarly or well polished, but sufficient and readily accessible."

"I am glad of it," she said; "then you can tell the difference between a codling and a pippin?"

"Nay, I fear I cannot."

"Oh! Nor why one hen will lay white eggs and another brown?"

"Sweet maid, my wonder never went as far as that!"

"I do greatly doubt you and your wonder! What would you do if butter would not come upon the churn milk?"

"Faith! I would leave it as not worth asking for—a poor, white, laggard stuff no man should meddle with."

"Heigho! and what is rosemary good for, and what rue?"

"By Heaven, I do not know!"

"How soon mayst wean a February lamb, and what wouldst thou wean it on?"

"Ho! I cannot tell!"

"Nor when to cut meadow grass or make ketchup? Nor how to cure bee-stings or where to look for saffron? Nor when to plant green barley or pull rushes for winter candles?"

"Not one of these; but if you would show me, such a tutor such a pupil never would have had!"

Whereon the lady burst out laughing. "Oh!" she said, "you are shallow and ignorant past all conception and precedent. Why, the rosiest urchin that ever went afield upon a plough-horse has better stock of learning! I faith, I shall have to put you to school at the very beginning!"

I let the fair maid mock, for her gentle railleury was all upon her lips, and in her eyes was dawning a light it moved me much to see. We wandered away through pleasant copses, where the yellow catkins and the red were out upon the hazels, and late ivory blackthorn buds, like webs of pearls, were overhung upon those ebony-fingered bushes, and fair pale primroses shone in starry carpets under the fresh green canopy of the new-tented woods. And my fair Bess knew where the mavis built; and when I began to speak warm, and close into her ear, she would turn away her head and laugh, and, to change the matter, play traitor to the little birds and point their mossy home, and make me stoop and peer under the leaves, and in pretty excitement—but was it all absent-mindedly?—would lay a hand upon my own and be cheek to cheek with me for a moment, and then, with country pleasure, take the sapphire shells of future woodland singers in her rosy palm, and count and con them, and post me in the lore of spots and specks and hues and colours, and all the fair, incomprehensible alchemy of nature—then put those tender things back, and lead on again to more.

Pleasant is the sunshine in such circumstances! Fair Elizabeth knew all the flowers by name. She knew where the gorgeous celandine, like bright-blazoned heralds of the spring, was flashing down by the stream that ran sparkling through the woods; the underglow upon the frail anemone was not fairer than her English skin, as she did bind a bunch into her bosom-knot. She could tell the reasons of affinity 'twixen cuckoo-pint and cuckoo, and how it was that orchid-leaves came spotted, and the virtue of the blue-eyed pimpernel, and why the gently rasping tongues of the great meadow kine forswore the nodding clumps of buttercup. And she liked cowslips and made me pick them—ah! swarthy, strong, and sad-eyed me—me, with the wild alarms of battle still ringing in the ambient country air—me, to whose eyes the fleecy clouds, even as she babbled, were full of pictures of purple ambition, of red mêlée, of the sweeping yellow war-dust that canopies contending hosts—me, who heard on every sigh of the valley wind the shouting of princes and paladins, the fierce deep cry of captains and the struggling cheer that breaks from swinging ranks fast locked in deadly conflict as the foemen give.

But nothing she knew of that, and would lead from cowslip-banks back to coppice, and from coppice-path to orchard, and there mayhap, in the eye of the sun, secure from interruption we would sit—she meekly throned upon the great stem of a fallen apple-tree, whose rind was tapestried betimes for that dear country sovereign by green moss and tissued gold and silver lichens, and overhead the leaves, and at her feet the velvet cushions of the turf, and me a solitary courtier there.

A very pleasant wooing—and if you call me fickle, why should I argue it? Think of the vast years that lapsed between my lovings; think how solitary was the lovely loveless world I was born into anew each time; think how I longed to light it with the comradeship that shines in dear eyes and hearts, how I thirsted to prejudice some sweet stranger to my favour against all others, and claim again kinship of passion for a moment with one, at least, of those dear, fickle, mocking shadows that glanced through this fitful dream of mine!

Besides, I was young—only some trivial fifteen hundred years or so had gone by since they first swaddled me and dried my mother's tears—my limbs were full and round, my blood beat thick and fast, youth and soldier spirit shone in my undimmed eyes; not a strand of silver glimmered in that beard I pecked so carefully; and if my mind was full of ancient fancies—ah! crowded with the dust and glitter of bygone ages fuller than yonder old fellow's strange museum—why, my heart was fresh. Jove! I think it was as young as it had ever been; and that maid was fair and rosy, and kind and tender. All in the glow of her hat-brim her face shone like the ripe side of a peach; her smooth hands hung down convenient to my touch, and her head, crowned with its sweet crown of sunlit hair, was ever bent indulgent to catch my courtier whispers. What? I argued, shall the river play with no more blossoms because last year its envious fingers shook some petals down into its depth? Must the lonely hill for ever frown in solitude and put by the white mist's clinging arms, because, forsooth, some other earlier cloud once harboured on its rugged bosom? 'Twas miserly and monstrous, said my youthfulness. So, nothing forgetting and nothing diminishing of those memories that I had, I plunged into the new.

And that kind country girl played Phyllis to my new-tryed Corydon as prettily as anyone could wish. I will not weary you with all we did or said—the murmur of a summer brook is only good to go to sleep by—but picture us immersed in solitary conclave, or wandering about in the sweet green math of April meadows and finding the long days some six hours all too short to say the nothing that we had to. Suppose this written, and I turn to other scenes which, perhaps, shall amuse you better.

It by no means followed that, because Mistress Elizabeth proved so charming, her father was neglected. That old fellow had taken me for his helper, had fed and harboured me, and something seemed owing him in return. His huge and bulky engine was growing apace; indeed, it was just upon the finishing. It was that my strong arms might second him in some final parts he had brought me hither, and, being by nature something of a smith, I helped him readily.

Each day was spent in the sunshine and flowers, then, when evening came and my fair playmate was gone to bed, I descended into old Faulkener's crypt, and, adding one more character to the many already played, turned Vulcan. Hard and long we worked. Had you looked upon us, you would have seen, by the sullen furnace glow, two men, bare-armed and leather-aproned, toiling in that black gallery until the sweat ran trickling from them; forging, riveting, and hammering bars of iron, plying the creaking bellows until the white heart of the fire-heap was whiter than a glowworm-lamp; hurrying here and there about that glistening mountain of cunning-fashioned steel that they were building; filling their grimy den with flying dust and smoke and sparks; and thus working on and on through the long midnight hours as though their very lives depended on it, until the black curtain of the night outside faded to pallid blue, and the chirrup of the homing bats coming to sleep upon the rafters sounded pleasantly; and the furnace gave out, and tired muscles flagged, and the night's work was over with the night!

Evening after evening we toiled upon the iron giant that was to do such wondrous things, old Faulkener directing, and I supplying with my thews and sinews the help he needed. Then one day it was finished—finished in every point and part—complete, gigantic, wonderful! I do confess something of the old man's spirit entered into me when our work was thus accomplished. I stood minute by minute before it overcome with an awe and wonder inexplicable. And if the 'prentice felt like that, the master was mad with expectation and delight. Nothing now would do but he must try it, and the next night we did so. We sent the household early to their rest, and, as soon as it was dark, I, carrying a spluttering torch, and Faulkener the great cellar key, stole like thieves across the cobbled courtyard to our workshop. The scholar's fingers trembled till he scarce could fit the key into the wards, but presently the door was opened, and we entered.

"No strangers trespass here to-night," the old man chuckled, while he closed and double-locked the iron-studded door, and put the key into his belt and the torch into a socket.

Well, all agog with excitement, we lit the fires in the iron stomach of that finished monster; we filled his gullet with kegs of water, slewed his guiding-wheels round, laid heavy, sloping oaken planks for his Highness to leave his birthplace by, set back the litter, and, lastly, turned the tap that brought the fire and water together, and put the blood of that iron beast in motion. He came down from off the pedestal for all the world like some black Gorgon issuing from a den! Resplendent in weight and strength, he came sliding down from off the platform of his cradle, and amid the crash of struts and stays, amid flying splinters and the dust of transit, rolled out majestic into the red furnace light; where, trembling in every fibre, and gently swaying like a young giant feeling his strength for the first time, with the strong breath within murmuring, and the great steel heart pulsating audibly, our iron toy was born and launched, and came forth magnificent, huge, overpowering—then, checked by its anchor-chains, swerving round to face the farther end, and halted.

Old Faulkener was possessed with joy, dancing and capering round that huge carcass as though he were a ten-year urchin, his white beard all astram, his elfin locks shaggy on his head, his black venerable robes flapping like the wings of a great bat, his hands clasped fervidly as he leapt and skipped with pleasure, and his lips moving rapidly as he babbled incoherent adulation and love upon that firstling of his hopes. Even I, grave and thoughtful, was elated, and walked round and round the wondrous thing, patting its iron sides as one might a charger's just led from stall, while, half in wonder and half in pleasure, catching a fraction of the old man's fancies. So far everything had happened as we wished for, and Faulkener, when he could get his breath, burst out in wild rhapsodies of all his bantling should do, and I put in a sentence here and there amid his paeans; and then he capped on a hope, and I again a fancy, and so, nodding and laughing to each other, we banded words across that carcass for twenty minutes, and felt its sinews, and marvelled at its tractableness and grace.

And what was our sweet Cheops doing all that while? Oh! we were young in mechanics; and all the time we talked and capered the glowing fires were working in that body, and presently the wheels began to ramble and the bars to move; strange dull thunder came fitfully from under those steel ribs, and quaint unaccountable knockings sounded deep within; the furnace glowed white and hot as angry jets of steam commenced to spit from every weak point in the monster's harness. All this I noticed and pointed out to the master; but he was stupid with gratification in that moment of consummated labour, and now our vast machine began to fret! It was impatient, I saw with a presage of coming evil, and the great circles above began to grit their iron teeth and spin like distaff wheels under a busy housewife's hand, the pistons were shooting to and fro faster and ever faster, while that fifty tons of metal, glowing hot, now began to yank hungrily upon its chains, and start forward a foot and then come back, and snuff and snort and tremble, and strain in every part, and thunder and pant as the hot life surged stronger and stronger into its veins, until it was rocking like a skiff at anchor, and bellowing like a bull in agony.

"By every saint, old Adam Faulkener!" I shouted through the gathering roar—"by every saint in Paradise, have a care for this frightful beast of thine!"

And I think he saw at last our danger, for the hundredth rhapsody died unfinished upon his lips, and, dropping from the clouds at once with an anxious look, he scanned the now flying wonders of his offspring, and then ran round and seized the handle which should have shut off the red-hot vapour which was the breath and being of the puissant thing he had conjured into being. Twice and thrice he bore upon that handle, then turned to me with a wild and frightened look. "I was as hot as hot could be, and could not move an inch! Hardly had I read that in his face, when with an angry plunge the engine started forward, and the philosopher missed his footing, rolling over headlong to the ground at my feet. And now our beast was mad with waiting, and stronger than fifty elephants, and fiercer than the netted lion. The chains that held him upon either side were as thick as a man's arm, being fastened to mighty staples in the forge. Our swaddling came back two yards upon those chains—then started forward, and was brought up all on a sudden with such a jerk as made the ground tremble, and filled us with a sickly dread. Back came our splendid plaything again in no good mood, and then forward once more, putting his mighty shoulders against his bonds until the great steel chains stretched and groaned beneath the strain, and Adam Faulkener yelled in fear. The third time the monster did this the staples gave, and all the forge fell into one dusty smoking ruin, while



the great engine twirled up those heavy chains upon its thundering axles, and, laughing in savage joyfulness, recognised the fatal fact that it was free!

Then began a wild scene of chaos which brings the dampness of fear and exertion on my forehead even to remember. What mattered chains or bars or fetters to that splendid life that we could hear humming there under those iron ribs?—to that unruly devil-heart which knew its strength, and thundered in proud tumultuous rhythm to the consciousness? The wonderful new Titan was born, and there in his own den, in the black cradle of his nativity, would brook no master—he was born for strength and might, and, lo! they were running hot within him, and we could but cower in the shadows waiting and watching.

And now that hideous monster, being free to do what he listed, set off for the far end of the stony cellar, and, like a great black ship floundering in a chopping sea, went plunging and reeling over the uneven floor. We held our breath. What would he do when he reached the end? And in a minute he was there, and through the gloom we heard him crash into the rocky walls and recoil; then, with a scream like an angry devil-baby, charge the native masonry again and again. But Faulkener's wretched cunning had put the guiding-wheels on pivots, and now they slewed, and here he was coming down the walls towards us.

We did not stop or wait to parley. We ran and dodged behind the pillars, whence we heard him thud into the broken forge—ay, through the rock and cloudy steam we caught the sound of that fifty tons of metal clambering over the fallen masonry, all the time screeching in his anger like a peevish fury at being so thwarted; then back we dodged again, and the huge thing went lumbering by us full of a horrid giant life no valour availed against, no mortal hands could shackle.

The more he beat about the bounds of that narrow infernal kingdom, the less our Cyclops seemed to like it. His rage mounted at each turn he made and found his prison-cell so narrow, and every rebuff swelled his budding choler. Therefore, seeing how hopeless it was to strive to tame him in this present mood, I waited till Cyclops was exploring at the bottom of the hall; then, plunging through the dusty turmoil, found old Faulkener. That grey inventor was reeling like a drunken man, and witless with terror.

"The key—the key!" I shouted in his ear. "To the door! We can do no good here. Let your infernal beast burn out some of his accursed spleen—then we'll make a shift to tame him. But 'tis no good now! Hear how he thunders! And—see—he is coming back again!"

"Ay, the door, good friend, the door!" gasped Faulkener; and, clinging to my arm, hotly pursued by the monster behind—whose red-hot madness now seemed tinged with cruel purpose—we fled down the long black cavern to the iron-studded postern. There was not a second to spare: the old man plunged his trembling hands into his belt and felt all round it, then turned to me with a horrid stare in his eyes and a sickly smile upon his thin white lips—the key was gone!

I dragged that old man back just as the great engine—ramping hot—lurched down and cut a long smoking groove half a foot deep from the rocky wall whereby we had been standing, then, disappointed of us, went howling on into the blackness. And now there was nothing to do but to stay and fight it out, no exit for us, and none for our sweet bantling, and he seemed to know it! Round and round he drove us through the flickering gloom and shadows of that dismal cockpit, till the gushing sweat ran from us, and our choking breath came short and panting through our parching throats. Oh! it was a sight to see that shrieking monster, spurning steam at every joint and howling like a pack of winter wolves, come careering through the darkness at us, with every plate of his mighty harness quivering with the force within, and all his thundering vitals glowing white and spawning golden trails of molten embers as he lurched along. Down I would see him come, perhaps, hunting something in savage mood, and as I dodged behind a pillar and looked, out of the vortex of the shadows would leap old Adam Faulkener, as a leveret leaps from the ferns under a lurcher's nose, and, with ashy wild face, and flying wizard locks, and ragged sorrel cloak flapping in shreds behind him, the master would flash in frenzied fear across the glow that shimmered from the heart of his young Titan, and then be swallowed up again by the next friendly blackness, and I scarce dare breathe as, with a hideous parody of vindictive cunning, that great thing would swirl and swerve, and be after him again!

It was a wild, wonderful game, and the longer it went the hotter it grew. Closer, denser, and blacker grew the gloom of that place, until at length you could not see an arm's-stretch ahead of you in the sulphurous reek—a hot, steamy pall of dismal vapour, through which glimmered redly, now and then, the ashes of the overturned furnace place, and the rosin-dripping splutter of the feeble torch which we had put into the socket by the door. Ah! that was all we had to light us as we crawled and leapt and dodged before the vengeful fury of that screaming harpy of ours—all but his own red copper glow that flamed now here, now there, on the black horizon of our den. Darker and still darker and hotter became the air, until at last—in half an hour perhaps—the torch and the furnace ashes were sickly stars, too pallid to light our merriment to any purpose, and even the glow of Faulkener's great invention was a red-hot haze, only illumining the seething dust and smoke a yard or two about it, and everywhere else reigned black, choking, Stygian, infernal darkness.

A blank midnight void hung about the arena where we danced to that great being—sprung like a black Minerva from my master's over-fertile brain. Yet, Jove! 'twas midnight dark, but there was no midnight stillness in it. The very air seemed palpitating to the thunderous beat of that beast's mighty life—every hollow cavern-niche in our rocky walls belled into our startled ears a hideous mockery of his screeching; while the ceaseless roar of his cruel stride rattled down the ragged juts of our stony roof like dislocated thunder. And in that darkness and ear-splitting din we dodged and dipped and scuttled like two cornered rats. I have been brave—by this time I hope you know it—but what was mortal strength or valour against the strength and recklessness of that iron god? No, he had the upper hand, and screamed for blood like the devil that he was, pressing us with such fury that my very soul seemed oozing through my sweating skin. As for dignity—gods! I had none! At one moment I and Faulkener would be struggling for a narrow passage like two hoggets in a meadow-gate; then I was anon crawling on hands and satin knees through pools half a foot deep with filthy furnace-water, or straddling greasy heaps of brash and ashes with the beast close behind to fire my flagging spirits, spurning flame and scalding steam, and crunching with his ponderous weight through the iron litter of the den as though it were an August stubble.

And this was not all. Being so dark, as I have said, presently that iron monster, inspired with the soul of a Fury, found it more and more difficult to follow us, and went reeling and bellowing through the steamy blackness ever more at random. Thereon he stopped a spell and seemed to listen, and, though we could only tell his whereabouts by the great fiery nebulae of his glowing sides, we could plainly hear his

thousand steel teeth champing, and the gush of the boiling force flying within him. We held our breath, and then we heard something change in the machinery—some pin or rivet fail—and the next minute Faulkener's baby was off again with a scream like a lost spirit and possessed of a cursed, brand-new idea. I have said the chains wherewith he had been held to the forge were fastened to great revolving bars upon his side. When he burst free he had torn these from the solid masonry and wound them up upon the spinning axles, whereto by some misguided cunning Faulkener had welded them. And now that devil was ramping round to find us in the void, and had unwound those hideous flails, and with infernal patience was beating down one wall and up the other. Oh! it was sickly to hear the screech of those steel whips sweeping unseen through the startled air, to hear them thud upon the trembling ground and cut deep furrows in it at every savage lash—now here, now there, flogging the frightened shadows and scouring the trembling rocks, and whistling overhead like a thousand winged snakes—and all for us!—while that great babe of my master's hunted slowly round about our narrow prison, and thundered and howled and rattled like a tempest in a mountain pass, and, as though he were some great monster in a deep sea cave, shot out and drew in those humming tentacles, and tried each nook and corner, and squirted steam and fire into every crevice, and plied his cruel whips madly about in that darkness till 'twas all like Pandemonium.

Well, I will say no more, or you may think I wrap sober fact in that mantle of fancy which the gods have lent me. We had dodged and ducked at this game for many minutes when Faulkener's mind gave way! I chanced upon him in the middle space, laughing and screaming and taking off his cloak and vest. He saw me stalk from the shadows, and, with a frightful grin and caper, shouted that he knew what was the matter—"his pretty firstling needed a bloody sacrifice, and who could provide it better than himself." Just then the engine turned and came looming through the mist towards us, and the old enthusiast made ready to cast himself under those mighty wheels.

"Come back!" I shouted. "Come back!" But Faulkener yelled: "Touch me at your peril: the sweet one must not be baulked!" And made towards it.

I seized him by the arm and dragged him to one side, whereat, without further parley, like a furious wild cat, he turned, and in a twinkling had me by the throat, with those old talons of his deep buried in my gullet, and his long, lean legs twirled round mine like thongs of leather, and his mad eyes flashing, his white face lit up with manic passion; and so we heaved and struggled, then down upon our knees, and over and over upon the floor, the old man striving all he knew to kill me; while I, for my part, heaved and wrenched—all my splendid strength cramped up in the wild grip of that sinewy old reclus—and over us, as we fought upon the earth, was glimmering in a minute the red-copper glow, the towering form, and the cruel, shrieking flails of that exulting demon we had invented!

We rolled and plunged in the dust, just where that circle of red light fell on it, while guttural sobs and sighs came from us, as, forgetful of all else, now one was on top, in that ruddy arena, and then the other. The veins were big upon my forehead; I felt faint and sick; I could not loosen Faulkener's iron fingers, deep bedded in my neck, and did not care; and that grim old fellow had no desire now but to watch me die. I saw the glowing haze wherein we fought, and dimly understood it. I heard, faintly and more faintly, the rattle of the claims, and the thunderous, black laughter of our plaything, and then, just as that glowing Fury seemed drawing itself together for one final effort which should crush us both from all form and shape, that very effort put something out of gear—the tangled wheels fell into deadlock all on a sudden, the heavy chains jerked wildly in their swing and twisted together, the mighty rods and pistons went all asplay like a handful of broken straws, the great beast trembled and reeled and shook, and then split-open from end to end, and, with a thunderous roar that shook our cellar to its deepest foundations, amid a wild gust of flame and steam, blew up!

I rose unhurt from the dust and ashes, and unwinding Faulkener's lifeless limbs from about me, found a hammer by the forge, and, scrambling over the now pulseless remnants of the giant, burst open the door, and a few minutes later laid the great inventor's body down upon a bench in the peaceful moonlit courtyard.

(To be continued.)

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## OUR COLOURED PICTURE.

"GOODBYE, SWEETHEART, GOODBYE!"

The sentimental exclamation and fondly affectionate attitude of the little girl, in our Coloured Picture Supplement, may be viewed as characteristic of early feminine propensities. Nature has apparently, with a design of adaptation to future wifehood and motherhood, endowed the sex from infancy, in most cases, with an instinctive habit of caressing both dolls and dumb animals, which may sometimes be judiciously diverted to assistance in nursing the baby. One of the best faculties of womanhood is that of showing tenderness, in the most demonstrative way, to dependent living creatures. A boy is seldom inclined to pet his favourite dog, though proud enough to patronise the animal and to play the master. This girl, for her part, indulges the passion of adoring love, the more enthusiastic for a canine friend of noble stature and formidable strength, who could almost eat her up. It is a pathetic farewell interview: either the dog is going to be sent away, or the child is leaving home for school, or perhaps on a visit of some length. To see their mutual affection is a pleasing little scene.

## MARRIAGES.

Mr. Bryan Baldwin Leighton, eldest son of Sir Baldwin Leighton, was married on Dec. 3 to Miss Margaret Fletcher, second daughter of Major John Fletcher of Saltoun, in the parish church of Margam Taibach, South Wales. The bride's five sisters and the bridegroom's sister acted as bridesmaids.

The marriage of Mr. Robert Shafto Adair, son of Sir Hugh Adair, Bart., of The Castle, Ballymena, to Miss Mary Bosanquet, daughter of Mr. Henry Bosanquet of Clanville, Somersetshire, was solemnised, on the 4th, at St. Michael's Church, Minehead, Somersetshire. The bride was conducted to the altar by her father. The bridesmaids were Misses Edith and Amy Bosanquet, sisters of the bride; Misses Beatrice and Margaret Luttrell; Miss Adair, sister of the bridegroom; and Miss Violet Adair, cousin of the bridegroom. Mr. F. Hurford of Blaise Castle was best man.

The marriage of Mr. Spencer J. Portal, second son of Mr. Wyndham S. Portal of Malshanger, Hants, with Mary, eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Mure of Caldwell and the Hon. Mrs. Mure, took place in Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-street, on the 4th. The Hon. Hugo Charteris, cousin of the bride, officiated as page; and the bridesmaids were the Misses C. and M. Mure, sisters of the bride; Miss Pamela Wyndham, Misses Sybil and Verona Finch, and Lady Edith Douglas, her cousins; Miss D. Kingsmill, the Hon. W. Hubbard, and Miss Margery and Miss Molly Portal, nieces of the bridegroom. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Mure of Caldwell.

The Court of Common Council have granted £105 in aid of the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital.

"Laughter holding both his sides" always comes in company with Tom Smith and his Christmas crackers. These mirth-compelling productions are from original designs; the whole of the chromo-lithographic work connected therewith, and the entire manufacture of the crackers, being their own production, giving employment to several hundred workpeople. We are assured that the total manufactures of this firm in a single season amount to nearly ten millions.

Miss Luckes, the matron of the London Hospital, has been presented with a gold bracelet and silver lamp by over one hundred ex-nurses, who write: "The privileges we enjoyed while working under you made hospital life for us a life of high aim and sound practical work, while your ever-ready sympathy and constant care for our home comfort made it also one of cheerful content and happiness." This address is signed by more than twenty matrons of hospitals, and by Miss Rosalind Paget, General Inspector of Nursing to the Queen's Jubilee Institute.

The Masonic Bazaar held in Edinburgh was a very magnificent affair. It was opened by Sir Archibald Campbell of Blythswood, M.P., accompanied by the Earl of Haddington, Lord Saltoun, Sir Charles Dalrymple, M.P., and a host of other Masons. Lady Campbell had a large central stall, and was supported on each side by the Ladies Baillie-Hamilton, Lady Saltoun, the Marchioness of Breadalbane, Lady Gertrude Cochrane, Mrs. Villiers, and Lady Glamis. There was a sportsman's stall, with some fine specimens of heads shot at Balmoral and the Mar Forest by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Fife.

Diaries and pocket-books bearing 1891 upon their title-pages are already in the market. Messrs. De la Rue and Co.'s publications, of various forms and sizes, noted for their finish, are as useful as they are elegant. Letts's diaries, published by Cassell and Co., are convenient and complete, with good paper, good printing, and good binding, and brimful of everyday practical information. Then there are the manifold productions of Charles Letts and Co., of 3, Royal Exchange, suited for the requirements of every class of society. Their list of diaries for 1891 contains eleven new editions, and embraces 140 different books, being, as they say, by far the largest series of diaries in the world.

## POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK, DECEMBER 13, 1890.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates: To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, Threepence; THIN EDITION, Threepence. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, Threepence; THIN EDITION, Threepence. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, Fourpence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Threepence.

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A STOLEN TRYST.





A CONSTITUTIONAL AFTER NIGHT NURSING.

DRAWN BY E. R. WHITE.



## NIGHTNURSES AND THEIR MORNING WALK.

London hospital nurses are a class of women entitled to public esteem and gratitude, as well as to professional dignity, next to the learned physicians and surgeons, many of high eminence, who form the medical staff. The measures adopted for their more conspicuous official recognition, and the tokens of Royal favour recently bestowed upon them, have been hailed as gratifying steps in the path of social improvement. There is a journal specially devoted to recording and assisting the progress of their admirable work; and we have received copies of different useful new books, designed for systematic instruction in the art. Of these we may here mention the latest, just published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., which is Mr. J. Bentall Endean's translation of a valuable treatise on "The Care of the Sick," by Professor Billroth, of Vienna. It is adapted for the teaching of educated housewives and mothers of families, as well as hospital nurses; the author is one of the greatest surgeons in Europe, and few readers can fail to obtain valuable knowledge of facts in human anatomy and physiology, and in the practice of therapeutics, so far as some comprehension of these is needful to obey the orders of the surgeon or physician.

We should not presume to express an opinion, pending the decisions of official and professional authorities, with reference to discussions that have lately been raised concerning the management of the female nursing staff at more than one great hospital in London. Outsiders cannot judge of the efficacy of the system of training probationers, the question of alleged overworking, or the internal discipline entrusted to the matron by the Governors and House Committees of those institutions. It is desirable that public confidence should be frankly granted to those responsible for their direction, while popular sympathy with the young women employed in so useful and noble a service may take the form of higher respect and general appreciation of their merits as a class. One feels inclined, in meeting them as they pass along our streets, distinguished by the peculiar dress of some order, to bow to these Sisters of the Suffering with a reverent salutation, like that which among Catholic nations is accorded to the ministers of religion. With such regard, and with a profound sense of the moral beauty of those services, in which the natural kindness of womanhood is trained and directed to the alleviation of pain under the guidance of scientific knowledge, we greet the night nurses of the Charing Cross Hospital coming out for a breath of fresh morning air, when their long nocturnal vigil has been performed. Our illustration of this scene requires no further comment.

## NOVELS.

*Kirsteen; the Story of a Scotch Family, Seventy Years Ago.* By Mrs. Oliphant. Three vols. (Macmillan and Co.)—Among the English novelists at this time living and writing, not one excels Mrs. Oliphant in dramatic force; and she is unequalled in portraying the characters of women tried by severe conflicts of duty and affection in family life. In this powerful story, the events of which take place chiefly at the rather gloomy house of an impoverished, but insanely proud, old laird in Argyllshire, Mr. Douglas of Drumcarro, the homely manners and haughty ideas of Scottish rural gentry, two generations ago, seem to be faithfully represented. "Drumcarro" himself, one would hope, is an exceptional specimen of the ferocious domestic tyrant and merciless bully, his native viciousness having been aggravated by the unchecked exercise of cruelty during his management of slaves on a West Indian plantation. With a feeble, timid, ailing wife, he has many sons and daughters: the lads have been sent off to the Army or to India, commissioned to win fame and fortune, and to restore the ancient position of the family; but their sisters, Anne, Mary, Christina or "Kirsteen," and the youngest and prettiest, Jeanie, have been despised and neglected, almost hated by their morose father, while their mother has been too weak, in mind and body, to take proper care of them, and the heroine of the story, Kirsteen, alone has the courage and wisdom to do what is right.

These girls, one after another, in different ways, suffer from the senseless arrogance and violence of Drumcarro; Anne has eloped with a young medical man, and is happily married at Glasgow. Kirsteen, a brave, high-spirited young woman, refuses the hand of an elderly gentleman, Mr. Campbell, usually called "Glendochart," from the name of his estate; for she has secretly plighted her troth to young Ronald Drummond, who has gone to India with her brother Robert. So, by the aid of the faithful old nurse and housekeeper, Marg'ret, whose character is one of the best examples of a true-hearted Scotchwoman, this heroine escapes from bondage, travelling alone to London, and takes refuge with Marg'ret's sister, Miss Jean Brown, the mistress of a fashionable dress-making business at the West-End. Here she rises to a prosperous position, as well by her own skill, taste, and industry as by the respect paid to her birth as a lady, and the interest which is taken in her by a Duchess, of Argyll, we suppose, who knows Drumcarro, and who kindly, but ineffectually, with the Duke and his daughter Lady Chatty, endeavours to persuade Kirsteen to return home. In the meantime, her sister Mary, a worldly-minded, prudent, rather heartless person, has obtained for herself the reversion of Glendochart's matrimonial offer, and has become his wife. After six or seven years, Kirsteen is a partner in the prosperous concern of Miss Brown, but is still anxiously waiting for her absent lover serving in the East India Company's Army. Then she hears that her mother is dying, and longing to see her. Fearless of the implacable rage of her father, who will never forgive either her or Anne, she hastens to Scotland, stops at Glasgow to take up her sister, who is a sad coward, and there is a scene at the mother's deathbed, which is one of the most pathetic, with the utmost simplicity in description, and homely naturalness of expression, that can be met with in modern fiction.

This is really the climax of interest, to our feeling, in the entire story; but a new phase of family troubles quickly turns up, in the week of mourning at the mother's funeral, by Kirsteen's discovery of the perilous situation of her youngest sister. This beautiful, foolish, ignorant Jeanie is pursued by the dishonourable attentions of Lord John, a son of the Duke, while her father, her married sister at Glendochart, and others of her family, are stupidly indifferent, believing that Lord John means to take Jeanie for his wife. The girl herself is not so deceived, but is in daily dread that she may yield to his fascinations; she is terribly alarmed, imploring Kirsteen to take her away. To do this being impossible, Kirsteen, who knows the profligate disposition of Lord John, appeals in vain to her father, to Mary, and to everyone belonging to them; she warns them, entreats them, almost commands them, to save Jeanie from the danger of shame. They do not heed her remonstrances; but Drumcarro, overhearing by chance a conversation between Lord John and Jeanie, on the banks of the waterfall in his grounds, is convinced, at the last moment, that Lord John is a base seducer, hurls him over the rock, and leaves him drowned. Glendochart and the Duke come to make inquiry, but are easily satisfied to admit that the fall was accidental,

and the matter is hushed up to prevent any scandal. A true and honourable lover of Jeanie's, Major Gordon, a hero of Waterloo, presents himself just in time, aided by Kirsteen, who already knows him, and Jeanie is soon happily married. But for Kirsteen, who has done so much for her mother and sisters, there is no such happiness. Her own lover, Ronald Drummond, has died on an Indian battlefield, pressing to his lips the handkerchief she gave him, marked with her ruddy hair. She will never love another man. Her father dies unrelenting, and no one sincerely mourns his death. But the other members of the family live comfortable lives; and Kirsteen, retired from the London business, a rich maiden lady residing in Edinburgh, is content to see their welfare secured for many years after those bitter trials of her youth. It is one of Mrs. Oliphant's best novels, which is equivalent to saying that it is one of the best we can expect from any contemporary author.

*A Daughter of the Pyramids.* By Leith Derwent. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son.)—It is curious to observe the ready skill of dexterous fictionists in catching at themes of transient popularity for the groundwork of sensational stories. Since the imagined superhuman mysteries of dim Egyptian antiquity, involving the supposed possession of a magical power of securing personal immortality, as in Mr. Rider Haggard's "She," have come into literary vogue, while unscientific notions of the alleged phenomena of hypnotism or of animal magnetism, and visionary application of electricity, have captivated the fancy of credulous people, we are prepared for the wildest romances dealing with such a fascinating combination. Lord Lytton's weird story "The Ring of Anasis" was founded on the idea that the soul which had, thousands of years ago, inhabited the body now crumbling to dust among the mummies of the Pharaohs might in this age be the tenant of a corporeal presence living in France or Germany, destined to repeat the same fatal misdeeds under the altered circumstances of modern social life. In like manner it is supposed, by the author of this rather ingenious novel, that Miss Rose Vivian, a beautiful professional vocalist and a fearless ambitious coquette, is the identical individual who was Queen Nitocris, the famous consort of Menehept, last of the Kings of the Sixth Dynasty at Memphis, reported to have enlarged the third Pyramid, originally built by Menkara, and to have converted it to a receptacle for the body of her murdered husband. A revived personality similarly corresponding with the infatuated Pharaoh who married Nitocris—with a striking likeness, in both cases, of face and figure to their ancient prototypes, or rather previous incarnations—is presented in Sir Edward Lyly, an elderly Baronet of our time and country, very rich, exhausted by dissipation, superstitious, cowardly, and weak-minded. Mr. Raymond Guest, who is a travelling professor of chemistry, electricity, mesmerism, and spirit-medium trickery, undertaking to provide for Sir Edward the fabled elixir of renewed youth and of undying life, is also, to his own certain knowledge, having never died like the other two, one of the old Egyptians, being no other than the cunning priest Miamun, the lover of Queen Nitocris, and the vindictive conspirator who caused Menehept to be put to death. The tragical plot by which Sir Edward Lyly and Miss Vivian, meeting each other as English tourists up the Nile, are to be led into a situation which will tempt the foolish Baronet to his destruction in a manner somewhat different from the fate of Menehept, is narrated by Dr. Herries, a young medical man, himself an admirer of Miss Vivian, but an eager student of biological science. His acquaintance with Sir Edward and Mr. Guest begins at Paris in 1871, when he is assisting M. Sancillon, a great French physiologist, to make experiments on the brain and nerves of one of the condemned Communists after decapitation by the guillotine. Dr. Herries consents, for a large sum of money, to accompany the wealthy patron of the scientific spiritualist charlatan to Egypt, where he is to aid in compounding the promised potion of immortality; and plenty of apparent miracles are described in these three volumes.

There is no intellectual limit to the variety of such fantastic inventions, granting the omnipotence of conjurers, magicians, necromancers, and other artists of diabolical illusions who in these days have added wonderful new tricks, hypnotic, magnetic, electrical, and chemical, to the occult lore of antique tradition. Almost every marvellous device one has yet heard of, including spirit-raps on the familiar table, spirit-writing, the lifting and carrying of solid articles through the air, the grasp of unseen hands, the sight of hands attached to no visible body, with incessant clairvoyance and thought-reading by the omniscient Mr. Guest, furnishes merely the preparation for gorgeous and ghastly phantasmagoria exhibited among the ruined temples and in the sequestered tombs of Thebes. It is there, in a sepulchral chamber known to him alone, the actual depositary of the embalmed remains of Menehept and Nitocris, that Mr. Guest, alias Miamun, a very clever fellow with forty or fifty centuries of personal experience, but with the aspect of a juvenile modern visitor, performs his tremendous feats. Dr. Herries and Miss Vivian are considerably astonished, while Sir Edward Lyly goes raving mad and kills the necromantic impostor, which is a very good riddance, so that none of these persons has the gift of earthly immortality, after all. It would, indeed, be a most undesirable gift, with all the knowledge, power, and luxury imagined by Leith Derwent or any other writer of romances; and this may have been intended for the moral of the tale.

*Scot Free.* By C. G. Compton. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co.)—We hope that this clever new writer, the son of an admirable public favourite on the stage of good English comedy, will give us many stories as lively and pleasant as the greater part of "Scot Free," but without any such violent and shocking additional incident revealed at the end of the volume. After being constantly amused, to the length of three hundred pages, with a very agreeable picture of comfortable and cheerful family life, with the delightful character of a young lady so bright and good as Miss Agnes Baxter, called "Lassie" by her respectable and kindly father, and having seen her released from an unsuitable engagement to Robert Dixon, then happily married to Austin Cartwright, an apparently worthy lover, it is a gratuitous injury to wholesome sympathies, and it seems an unnecessary piece of invention, that Austin should be described as the treacherous murderer of Robert, who would not long have stood in his way. For Agnes had already sent the letter to break off her engagement, and Austin was already convinced of her love for himself, with little doubt of being able, eventually, to overcome any opposition by her father, although he was a private tutor with a small income, and Robert was entering a profitable business in the wine trade, with a prospect of some thousands a year. The circumstances were not of sufficient urgency, nor had the reader's previous acquaintance with Austin afforded the slightest token of any such depravity, to prepare for his enormous crime, which is disclosed without comment, the last thing of all, in a manuscript narrative bequeathed to Agnes by her half-insane cousin, George Crosby, a concealed witness of the murder. We could

wish that this painful concluding chapter might simply be struck off from future editions of the story, which is abundantly interesting and entertaining without it; and there would then be no sudden gloom of guilt, and of impending lifelong terror and despair, falling on a scene of innocent wedded love. In all else, but chiefly in the continual play of sprightly humour and girlish fun, with which Agnes briskly rallies her father, the two young men who are on most intimate terms with the family, and her cousin Viola Lockwood, a student ambitious to conduct a Ladies' College, every reader will take much pleasure; in the boating-parties with other friends, both at the riverside villa and at the Baxters' house in London; in Austin Cartwright's bachelor establishment at St. John's Wood, where he receives his pupils, for Army, Civil Service, or Indian examinations, in the studio left by an artist, the former tenant; and in the comical behaviour of two pupils, Jack Spenlett and Royston Stoomer, with the pretty conquest of Stoomer by Miss Charlotte Lester. On the other hand, though Robert Dixon's crass vulgarity and insensibility to high motives soon render him obnoxious as an intended husband for Agnes, he seems not wholly a bad fellow; and we are indignant, as well as grievously astonished, that he should be put to death with a stab of a nicotine-poisoned sword-shaped pipe-cleaner, instead of letting him live to find another wife.

*Mademoiselle.* By Frances Mary Peard. (Walter Smith and Innes.)—A short story of the severe trials and terrors of besieged Paris during the German military investment of that city in the cruel winter of 1870, and subsequently, from March 19 to May 28, 1871, during the ferocities of the Commune, is here related, in the most artless and engaging manner, by a young country girl, Jacqueline Meunier, from the rural village of Arnoye, who came to visit her married sister in Paris. The heroine of the tale, however, is her friend of higher rank, "Mademoiselle" Hildegard, daughter of M. Galland, the rich owner of the Château at Arnoye, who nobly bears her share, with her father, brother, and lover, of the labours and perils of the siege, nursing the wounded soldiers in the hospital, relieving the famished poor, and protecting some victims of mob fury at the time of the Communist insurrection. An example of the despicable folly and basely deluded vanity of those who were seduced into joining that hideous attack on all social rule and order is presented in Auguste Vert, the husband of Jacqueline's sister Angèle, a young carpenter at Belleville, one of the Parisian "National Guard." He drives Jacqueline out of his dwelling, at night, because she associates with Mademoiselle, whom he afterwards denounces as an aristocratic spy, and gets her waylaid and arrested in the street, when she is returning from the deathbed of her brother Léon, a fallen soldier of France. Every incident of this very interesting little story is in perfect agreement with all we know of actual circumstances and events; while the French character, sentiments, and manners, which in the domestic life of provincial families, rich and poor, wear the most amiable and estimable aspect, are truthfully and vividly portrayed.

## BAKU, ON THE CASPIAN SEA.

The remarkable development of the petroleum oil trade, and the advantage it has bestowed on the Russian Government, since the abundance of such liquid mineral wealth at Baku has stimulated large operations for bringing it widely into use, attracted public attention some years ago. Our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, who accompanied Sir Peter Lumsden's Afghan Frontier Expedition to Central Asia five or six years ago, visited Baku on his return journey, and furnished a series of important sketches of that town and of its petroleum-works. The late Mr. Charles Marvin wrote more than one treatise on this subject. Baku is connected by railway with Tiflis, the capital of the Russian province of Georgia, and with Poti and Batoum, the Russian ports on the Black Sea. It has become the chief shipping port on the Caspian, having five or six steam-boat and other maritime companies, mostly plying to the port of Oozoon Ada, for the Transcaspien Railway, which has been extended from Merv to Bokhara and Samarcand, a distance altogether of 900 miles from the east shore of the Caspian. The population of Baku is very mixed, Circassians and Russians, Persians, Armenians, and Turkomans finding employment in the works and on the wharves, and in the streets of the town. Some types of these people are represented in our illustrations, from sketches by Mr. G. B. Froom.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the Countess of Zetland attended a ball on Dec. 5 at Baronscourt, Tyrone, the seat of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn.

The Earl of Dunraven has given £250 and a site of one acre at Bridgend, Glamorganshire, for the erection of a public school under the provisions of the Welsh Intermediate Education Act.

The Board of Trade have awarded a piece of plate to M. Pierre Léon le Chevalier, master of the French brig Pierre Antoine, of Granville, in recognition of his kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the British barque Maria Bambi, which was abandoned at sea on Oct. 16 last.

Lord Hartington presided, on Dec. 5, over a conference of the National Society for the Promotion of Technical and Secondary Education, which was called to consider the best mode of utilising the fund allotted to County Councils under the Local Taxation Act of 1890. Various recommendations to local authorities on the subject were adopted.

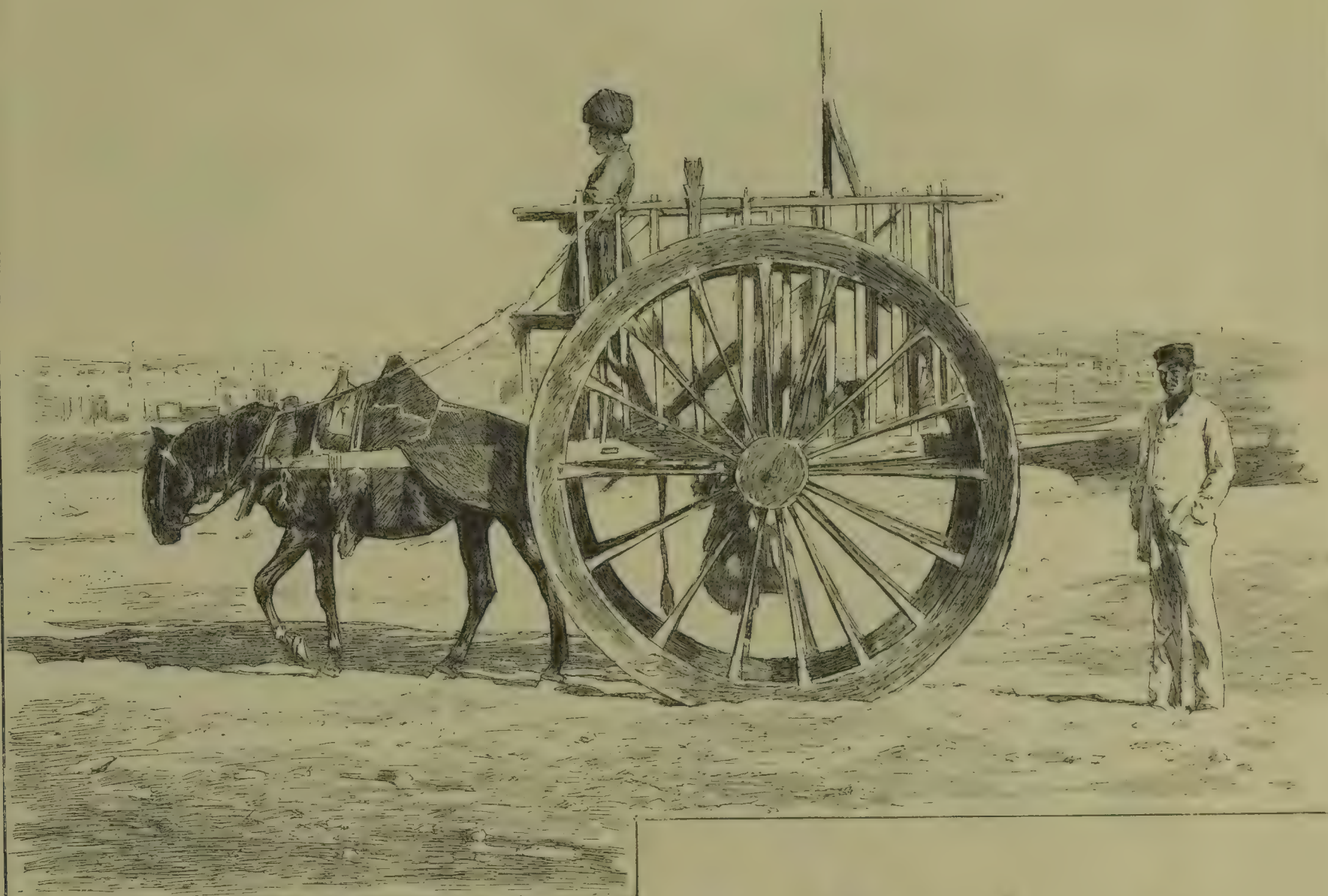
The Royal Society of Literature held its annual soirée, on Dec. 4, at its rooms, Hanover-square. The company was received by the president, Sir Patrick Colquhoun, and other members of the council. Among the exhibits were some fine examples of gold and silver plate, lent by Mr. George Lambert; and some ancient books of various London Guilds, lent by the City Corporation.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol presided recently at a meeting in Bristol to consider the necessity of further Church extension in that city. A scheme was proposed for substantial grants for four additional churches in the populous districts at a cost of £7000. The Merchant Venturers gave £500, in addition to £2000 given to the previous commission, the High Sheriff £500, the Bishop and others £250 each, and promises for £3000 were given before the meeting closed.

The annual Christmas sale of fat stock belonging to the Queen took place on Dec. 5, at the Prince Consort's Farm, near Windsor Castle. A number of cattle bred and fed by the Duke of Connaught at Bagshot Park were also included in the catalogue. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Prince Arthur, and Princesses Margaret and Patricia visited the homestead shortly before noon, and inspected the cattle, sheep, and pigs. The buyers were very numerous. The amount realised for the Queen's stock was £3501 9s., and that of the Duke of Connaught's £413 9s.—making a total of £3914 18s.



BAKU A PERSIAN CART



PERSIAN CARRYING  
WINE



TREO. PEGRAM <sup>FEC</sup> 1890



A BAKU WATER-CARRIER

G. HENTSCHEL '92





1. Chief of the Crows.

2. A Sioux Camp.

3. One of Sitting Bull's Wives.

4. A Sioux Chief.

5. Ration Day at the Agency.

6 and 7. Sitting Bull.

8. On the Outskirts of the Camp.

9. Indian Burial.

10. Indian Killing his Bull with Bow and Arrow on his Return from the Agency on Ration Day.

THE INDIAN TROUBLE IN AMERICA.



## THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

There appears to be yet some probability of a conflict between the troops of the United States Government and the Indians in South Dakota, a portion of these, called the "Rosebud tribe," having retired to a fortified encampment in the rocky and almost inaccessible district known as "Badlands." Rifles and ammunition have been supplied to the State militia, and the garrisons of the forts along the Indian frontier have moved forward to support the Agencies of the Federal Government. General Miles says that the causes of the threatened trouble are the failure of the Indian crops, the delay of Congress in providing support, and the subsequent delay in getting supplies to them, a state of things which nearly resulted in starvation, and made the Indians desperate. He adds that they are now being supplied with rations, and that any difficulty may possibly be averted. The Sioux nation has proved troublesome on several occasions in late years. In 1862 the bands inhabiting Minnesota attacked the white settlers, and a terrible massacre followed, resulting in the removal of the Indians to Dakota. Farther west there was a constant guerilla warfare until 1877, which necessitated the presence of large bodies of troops in the border settlements. The most notable rising, however, occurred during 1875 and 1876, when the chief "Sitting Bull" held his own against all the forces sent against him, and finally escaped into British territory with the majority of his followers. The Sioux nation is probably the most powerful of the Indian tribes in North America, and the whole nation is said to number 30,000 or 35,000; but they are divided into twenty-one bands, which are more or less independent of one another, ranging over most of the unsettled portion of Dakota, Eastern Montana, and North-eastern Wyoming. Their reservations altogether amount to 108,450 miles. The total number of Indians of every tribe in the United States was shown by the Census of 1880 to be 303,248, which, added to 103,969 in British possessions, would give as the complete number for the whole of North America a total of 407,217.

Several illustrations of the North American Indians are borrowed for our pages this week from a book published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, "Wanneta the Sioux," by Mr. Warren K. Moorehead, which we reserve for an early notice.

## MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.

*Nineteenth Century*.—Mr. Chamberlain's examination of the value of rules and methods of procedure in the legislative work of the United States Congress, with a view to practical remedies for our own disease of Parliamentary phthisis—a malady obviously due to the morbid excretion of "tubercles" from obstructive "bacilli"—merits the attention of acute politicians. But it does not seem to require so alarming a title as this: "Shall we Americanise our Institutions?" Three eminent ecclesiastical chieftains, Roman Catholic, Jewish, and Wesleyan Methodist—namely, Cardinal Manning, the Rev. Dr. Adler, and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes—discourse on the religious responsibility of the owners of great private wealth. The Protectionist trade and tariff league of foreign countries against England is exposed by Mr. Louis Jennings, with special reference to American commercial policy. Lovers of animated nature will sympathise with Sir Herbert Maxwell in lamenting the reckless destruction of rare and interesting British birds. The present aspects of Constantinople are described by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, and compared with what he saw of that city in 1857, the time of his last previous visit. Mr. Cunningham Graham contends that the Socialist aspirations of the working-class population are a form of Idealism not less noble than the Art Culture, or the zeal for theological or philosophical doctrines, which occupy the more educated minds. The capabilities of women for useful public services as Poor-Law guardians, and on other Local Boards, are defended by Miss Louisa Twining; on the other hand, in a second article by "Adalet," who is an Oriental lady, the secluded condition of her sex in Turkish harems is shown to be not always so degrading as is commonly imagined. Professor Huxley, replying to a note appended by Mr. Gladstone to "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," brings overwhelming historical evidence to prove that Gadara, on the farther shore of the Lake of Galilee, was not a Jewish but a Greek district; hence the keeping of swine was lawful, and therefore, as well as for natural reasons, he disbelieves, on moral grounds, the story of Jesus having destroyed a herd of those animals, by afflicting them with demoniacal possession. The propriety of restoring the sculptured ornaments of the Parthenon, which we call the Elgin marbles, to the safe and reverent custody of patriotic Modern Greece, which certainly now takes good care of Athenian antiquities, is asserted by Mr. Frederic Harrison with considerable force. Several new books are reviewed by able and thoughtful writers; but Lord Acton further adds to the "Life of Lord Houghton" some interesting personal recollections of his own. Lord Grey concludes his grave criticism of the disposition and behaviour of the House of Commons, and his exposure of some besetting political dangers.

*Contemporary Review*.—An impartial inquiry concerning the late accusations and recriminations arising from Mr. Stanley's dispute with the officers of the Rear Column at Yambuya leads off the procession of articles on topics of the day. The next, by Mr. Francis Peek, consists of remarks on the scheme of General Booth for the salvation of "Darkest England." The life and doctrine of Alexandre Vinet, the eminent French Swiss evangelical writer, are discussed by M. Gabriel Monod, of Paris. The economic aspects of the woman's suffrage question are treated by Mr. R. C. Haldane, M.P. Miss Frances Power Cobbe reduces all the different religions of the world, past and present, to the two essential categories of the Worship of Power and the Worship of Goodness. The historical origins of the English Common Law are investigated by Sir Frederick Pollock. Mr. Adolphe Smith relates the dismal story of a Russian State trial in 1885. Dr. John Rae compares the demands of State Socialism with accepted notions of individual freedom and popular rights. The career of Lavoisier, an eminent French scientific man and useful public servant, one of the victims of the guillotine in the Revolutionary Reign of Terror, is related by Professor T. E. Thorpe with historical precision. Professor Sayce reports some of the latest discoveries or theories of Oriental archæology with reference to the ancient Semitic nations and kingdoms. Sir Thomas Farrer continues his strictures on Mr. Goschen's financial policy, with reference to the mutual adjustment of imperial and local taxation.

*Fortnightly Review*.—Mr. J. Rose Thompson's defence of the conduct of himself and the other surviving Rear-Guard officers of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition is temperately firm and calmly unassailable by any such arguments as have yet been suggested. The dreadful statistics of infant

mortality among the labouring classes, ascribed by the Rev. Benjamin Waugh to the system of insuring the lives of young children, are dispersed by Captain Pembroke Marshall with more exact arithmetical calculation. Mr. Walter Pater contributes an interesting piece of literary criticism in his study of Prosper Mérimée. Madame Darmesteter concludes her instructive inquiry concerning the habits of French rural life in the fourteenth century. Commander Verney Lovett Cameron, the African traveller, gives us his personal reminiscences of the late Sir Richard Burton. The character, and the probable really sceptical opinions, of the great philosopher Descartes are closely examined by Mr. W. L. Courtney in a biographical essay. The value of Professor Koch's discoveries, notably his remedy for consumption, is shrewdly questioned by Dr. Edward Berdoe. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's theatrical experiment of producing original plays of literary merit, such as "Beau Austin," on Monday nights at the Haymarket, is warmly commended. There are two useful and opportune articles on the late financial and monetary crisis in the City: Mr. W. R. Lawson makes an unsparing exposure of the rash management of the great house of Barings, with regard to Argentine contracts; and Mr. A. J. Wilson explains the overburdened position of the Bank of England gold reserve, as against the large increase of artificial currency produced by the use of cheques; he proposes that the other banks shall have joint responsibility and control for the issue of smaller than £5 notes. Mr. George Meredith's novel "One of Our Conquerors," unfairly printed in small type, is bustling and chattering away through lively further chapters.

*Universal Review*.—The editor, Mr. Harry Quilter, has ably performed the rather difficult task of scrutinising a mass



NEW HEADQUARTERS OF ST. GEORGE'S RIFLES.

of evidence, positive and negative, concerning the Yambuya disasters, with conclusions decidedly adverse to Mr. Stanley, and tending to the acquittal of Major Bartelot and Mr. Jameson on the worst charges of misconduct. Mr. Richard Garnett contributes a graceful apologue, "The Wisdom of the Indians," much in the style of his delightful book "Twilight of the Gods." Mr. Adolphe Smith again conjures up the alarmist phantom of a Franco-Russian alliance. The ten sonnets by Mr. J. G. F. Nicholson, on the theme of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," are good poetry of their kind; but we are content with the ballad-form and Coleridge's treatment of the subject. "Venetian Wells," described and illustrated by Mr. William Scott, and Mr. Samuel Butler's account of the wood-carvings in the chapels of the Valley of Saas, in Switzerland, will be attractive to amateurs of decorative art. Mr. H. Harrison's article on Defoe's services as an active politician, agent of the Government of William III., and manager of the Scottish Union, raises the author of "Robinson Crusoe" to historical importance. Lucas Malet's melancholy story "The Wages of Sin" is brought near its conclusion.

*New Review*.—As one of the contemporary "Studies in Character," we have the portraiture of Dr. Koch. Archdeacon Farrar vindicates his acceptance of the undertaking of General Booth. Two newly discovered pieces of fine writing by De Quincey, one about Our Lady of Sorrows, and Pain the Dark Interpreter, another, which is true and beautiful, glorifying the joy of a mother in the companionship of her little child, find their way into print. Lord Brassey and Admiral Colomb discuss the alleged unseaworthiness of modern battle-ships. Sir George Chetwynd acknowledges the existence of abuses on the turf. The new vice of intoxication with ether is denounced by Dr. Norman Kerr. New books and plays are lightly fingered by L. F. Austin. Messrs. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang narrate the final Egyptian exploits of Ulysses, and the apotheosis of Helen, in "The World's Desire."

*National Review*.—The equivocal declarations of Mr. Gladstone with respect to the Disestablishment of the Scottish Church are made ground of complaint in the interest of the Conservative Party. Mrs. Kenaly's observations on the natural "talent of motherhood," as the test of true womanhood, and as consisting in a fine combination of mental and physical qualities to be carefully cherished and trained, seems to contain a great deal of valuable truth. Miss Alice Oldham's discourse on the history of modern Socialism proceeds to its developments in Germany and Russia. The methods of calculation applicable to gambling chances at Monte Carlo and similar establishments are minutely expounded by Mr. Norwood Young. Mr. Frederic Pincott shows that the wage-earning classes would certainly be the losers by the enactment of an Eight Hours' Labour law. "Umar of Nishapur,"

the Persian philosophic poet commonly known as "Omar Khayyam," of whom literary scholars have said much, is made the subject of an article by Mr. C. J. Pickering, which finds yet more to say. The Rev. Harry Jones thoughtfully reviews different projects of Christian benevolence, in the various forms of Home Missionary Brotherhoods, Industrial Colonies, and the Salvationist scheme of General Booth, for the relief of destitution and for reclaiming the vicious and debased. The historical associations of Château Malbrouk, or Mensberg, on the Moselle, between Metz and Treves, a place notable in Marlborough's wars, are described by Mr. H. W. Wolff. What of the old French satirical song, "Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre"? Technical agricultural education is discussed by Mr. P. H. Rew; and to the old question, What Power shall get Constantinople? there is an oracular answer from "Quis."

## THE ST. GEORGE'S RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

The Duchess of Westminster, on Nov. 6, opened the new headquarters of this regiment, the Honorary Colonel of which is Colonel C. Washington Eves, C.M.G.; and Colonel Stanley George Bird is the commanding officer. The building occupies an important site in Davies-street, Grosvenor-square. The land, granted by the Duke of Westminster on a long lease, at a nominal rental, is part of the site of the old Shepherds' Market. There is a suitable drill-hall, with armoury, gymnasium, Morris-tube gallery, recreation-room, Colonel's and officers' rooms; also requisite accommodation for the regimental staff. The drill-hall, about 90 ft. long by 57 ft. wide, has an open roof, with lantern-light in the centre. The front elevation of the building is faced with red pressed bricks; the dressings and masonry are of Portland stone; the porch has polished red Peterhead granite columns; the roof of the front portion is covered with Broseley tiles, and the turret and cupola with copper. The general carving was executed by Mr. A. Bradford, but the figures in the pediment of the porch, representing the George and the Dragon, are sculptured and presented by Lieutenant G. E. Wade, one of the officers of the regiment. The contractors for the building were Messrs. E. Laurance and Sons, and Mr. Charles Herbert Shoppee is the architect.

## THE DUDLEY GALLERY EXHIBITION.

Few visitors will recognise the old and dingy gallery under its latest transformation. Under the touch of Mr. Francis James, N.E.A.C. (which, being interpreted, means New English Art Club—nothing more), we have now a white room and a gold room, separated by a wooden screen work—and a cosy little retiring-room, with at least one arm-chair. The walls are decorated in harmony—in the white room, of which the walls are painted straw colour, the pictures are in white frames; in the inner room the hangings and walls are maroon and the frames of red-gold. As for the pictures themselves, it is less easy to speak, for we confess that they do not "satisfy us in their achievement, and enchain us with their promise," as the author of the prefatory note to the catalogue explains their effect upon him. As a rule Mr. James would, we venture to suggest, derive some benefit from the well-known counsel that "he would have succeeded had he taken more pains." As a rule his drawing is careless, if not worse—and his use of colour seems to us equally a violation of the canons of art and the laws of common sense.

If it pleases an artist to paint his background forcibly, he is at liberty to do so; but, if he at the same time deliberately neglects or smudges his foreground, we can only suppose him to be afflicted with some variety of astigmatism—which is considered a fashionable complaint at the present day. Mr. James can do work of a very striking character, as many of his flower-pieces show—and he seizes with more than ordinary power the combination of solidity and transparency which so few flower-painters attain. For example, the bunches of variegated "Polyanthus" (84), the white "Pelargonium," (20), and the double "Narcissus" (27) are really striking productions in every sense. But when we turn to his landscapes the balance between things important and things trivial, the sense of atmosphere, and the relations of distance are points seldom kept in view. The bit of open country called "Sussex" (12), with its open sky and red fleecy clouds, is one of the best bits of work in the two rooms; but there are "qualities" in such work as "Rainy Scotland" (10), the "Sussex Farm" (35), "Scotch Scenery" (77), "New Romney" (104), "Near Catsfield" (107), "On the Waveney" (114), and in the bright view from "Downing College" (90), looking across the green towards the Roman Catholic Cathedral which now makes a distinct feature in the Cambridge landscape. Mr. James has journeyed much, and has brought back with him "notes of travel" from foreign lands. These he may, with patience and self-restraint, turn to good account, and in the course of time produce pictures which will be more worthy of his ambition than the majority of crude attempts he has on the present occasion invited the public to inspect.

Lord Willoughby de Eresby has given £100 to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The Queen has approved the appointment of the Rev. Professor Creighton, Canon of Worcester, to be Canon of Windsor, in the room of the late Canon Capel Cure; and of the appointment of the Rev. Thomas Teignmouth Shore to be Canon of Worcester.

The committee of the Bishop of London's Fund, by means of which so much valuable work has been done in providing for the spiritual wants of the Metropolis and its suburbs, have issued an appeal for immediate donations and increased annual subscriptions. The committee at their last annual meeting found that they had only £1744 to meet cases amounting to £4791, recommended by the sub-committee of grants, a large proportion of the income being expended in providing stipends for missionary clergy, additional curates, Scripture readers, and mission women, who work in some of the poorest but most crowded parishes.

There were over a thousand nurses, from all parts of the country, present at the annual soirée of the British Nurses Association, held at Princes' Hall, on Dec. 5. The guests were received by Miss Thorold, the matron of the Middlesex Hospital, and Sir William Savory. The Exhibition of "Water Colours" was open, and the Bijou Orchestra gave a selection of music at intervals. About ten o'clock a telegram was read from Princess Christian, President of the Association, wishing all present a pleasant evening. Mr. Corney Grain gave one of his inimitable musical sketches. The numerous uniforms of the nurses, in pink and blue cotton, and the quaint caps of all sizes and shapes, had a very picturesque effect. A few doctors and friends were present.



## FROM THE THAMES TO SIBERIA.

We continue the publication of the Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price, on board the steamer *Biscaya*, during the voyage of thirty-nine days, in July and August, from the port of London to Karaoul, at the head of the estuary of the Yenisei, one of the great rivers of Northern Asia, dividing Eastern from Western Siberia, which is thus opened to commercial navigation. This voyage in the Arctic Ocean, after passing the North Cape of Lapland and approaching the dreary shores of Asiatic Russia, passes eastward, by Kolguier Island and the Waygatch Strait, between the Continental mainland and the southern island of Nova Zemla, into the Kara Sea and across the mouth of the Gulf of Obi, from about the 60th to the 80th degree of east longitude, and in latitude ascending to near 75 deg. N., as shown by the map. The Kara Sea, eastward of Nova Zemla, which lies opposite to the Samoyede promontory, receives the waters of the river Ob, or Obi, and of all the streams of Western Siberia flowing to the Gulf of Obi. It was in 1877, by the expedition of Dahl, that navigation through the Kara Sea opened the route to the Ob, which is, with its chief tributary, the Irtysh, of great importance as probable future means of internal trade communications, giving access to the towns and provinces of Tobolsk, Omsk, Tomsk, though an overland road to these will be provided by the construction of the Siberian Railway. The opening of the Yenisei promises not less considerable advantages, but is in any case a maritime achievement of great interest. We now present the second portion of Mr. Julius Price's

moment he could see nothing for it but to turn back and try another course, as the sea ahead was blocked on either side as far as he could see. This did not sound cheerful, as it immediately raised visions of wintering in the Arctic regions, if, indeed, our ship was not smashed up before then. Without any delay the *Biscaya's* head was immediately turned right round to the south-east, in the hope of finding a clear passage, and creeping north again under the shelter of the land. It was wearisome work going right back again over the old ground, but this was but a forerunner of what we had to do for some time afterwards, and by the time we had done with the Kara Sea we had all learnt a good lesson in patience. So as to economise the coal, we only steamed half-speed ahead all the time. After several hours on this course, it was decided once more to try our luck and get northward again, and all that night we went steadily on without meeting with any ice.

The next morning, when we got up on deck, a most provoking sight awaited us. We were steaming very slowly, for a few miles ahead of us was the wall of ice we had been trying in vain to avoid. There it lay, stretched out as far as the eyes could reach on either side in the bright sunshine, a ghostly barrier between us and our route. Our ice-master was pacing the deck in a very restless manner, and evidently did not like the look of affairs at all. At last he told us that it was no good humbugging about it: we were fairly in for it. As far as he could judge, the Kara Sea was full of ice to the north, so that the only thing we could do was to dodge about on the chance of finding a weak spot to try and

vessels ahead of us in the ice. They turned out to be walrus-hunters, and, on our getting up to the nearest one, a sort of sloop with a crow's-nest at the masthead, with a man in it on the look-out, they sent a boat over to us, and we then learnt that they were all in the same fix as ourselves, and had been blocked in for some days past, as they also wanted to get north. They hailed from Hammerfest, and had been in the Kara Sea since April, but hoped to be able to get out and on their way back to Norway towards the end of August. One of our party, an enthusiastic curio-hunter (without which no party could be complete), immediately "scented" his prey, and on inquiry found that the men had on board a Polar bear's skin they could sell him, also some sealskins and walrus tusks, so we jumped into their boat, and they took us across to have a look at them while their captain and ours hobnobbed together and talked Norwegian to their heart's content in the *Biscaya's* cabin. On nearer inspection, the sloop proved larger than we had imagined it, and certainly dirtier. In a few minutes a cask was hauled up out of the hold and a large yellowy-brown bundle, covered thickly with wet salt, pulled out of it and spread on the greasy deck. This was the Polar bear's skin we had come to see. Our curio-hunter's enthusiasm went down to zero at once, for it was as unlike the snowy-white rugs one sees in London drawing-rooms as chalk is to cheese; still, they actually asked the modest sum of £5 for it in this dirty state. The sealskins were also very disappointing, and we were about to return to the boat, when one of the crew produced a lot of Samoyede costumes and walrus tusks, which we all made a rush for, as, at any rate, they were interesting—and clean. Of



IN THE KARA SEA: CLEARING THE PROPELLER FROM DRIFT ICE.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD THE *BISCAYA*.

narrative, after the *Biscaya*, on Aug. 4, passing the straits at the southern extremity of Nova Zemla, entered the Kara Sea, which was much encumbered with drifting ice:—

Notwithstanding its unpromising aspect, our plucky ice-master put the *Biscaya* straight for the icy obstacles, and soon we were surrounded on all sides by ghostly shapes, which appeared to be hurrying past us like so many uneasy spirits under the leaden sky. Although the ship was well and skilfully handled, in a very short time we were actually blocked in on all sides by huge masses of ice, and remained so for several hours. Then the flocks drifted sufficiently to allow of our gradually wedging our way through, which we did with considerable difficulty and not without several severe bumps; in fact, it was a wonder to me how we managed to get through at all, still more without serious damage. Curiously enough, all the ice for the moment seemed to be gathered in one spot, for the sea beyond was clear for several miles ahead after this, then more drifts appeared, and during the night we were again hemmed in on all sides. The next morning the sun was shining in a cloudless sky once more, a great contrast to our previous evening's experience, and the effect of the snow-white drift ice floating on the blue sea was very beautiful and novel. This time the water was sufficiently clear ahead to allow of our passage without much difficulty, and we proceeded without any special incident for several hours. Towards the afternoon, however, we observed a curious effect on the horizon before us: it was a sort of white reflection in the sky. Our experienced captain, who had been up to the mast-head with his glasses, however, did not look at it in the same light as we did: to him it was neither novel nor interesting. He told us that it was the reflection in the sky of enormous fields of ice, which it would be impossible to get through, unless we found a passage in some part of it. For the

get through. If we did not succeed in finding a passage, he thought "it would be a very long job before we got out of the ice." His language was forcible enough to carry weight with it, even if his experience had not, so once more the ship's course was altered, and we started on a fresh voyage of discovery, westward this time. All that day we were pounding along the fringe of the interminable fields of ice, when, towards evening, it was decided to try what appeared to be a sort of opening some few miles ahead, although it did not look a very hopeful undertaking. For an hour or so, however, before making the attempt the engines were slowed down as much as possible, in order to give our captains an opportunity of taking a little rest, as they knew that, once inside the ice, there would be no time for sleeping. At eight o'clock the ship's head was turned due north again, and in a very short time we were entirely surrounded by ice, which seemed to get more and more compact as we advanced, if advance it could be called; for at times we barely moved at the rate of a mile an hour, with continual stoppages to enable the men to clear away the drift ice from the propeller. Round us was an extraordinary scene, and one which I hardly know how to describe. There was not a breath of air stirring; in the growing twilight the sea looked like polished glass, and on it the floating ice, which was rapidly melting, took all sorts of weird and grotesque shapes, conjuring up visions of low tide on some immense shore in antediluvian days with uncounted monsters disporting themselves in the shallow water. We were so much impressed by our surroundings that we remained on deck watching the slowly moving panorama all night, or, rather, during the hours which are usually night, for it was but a sort of mysterious twilight all the time, which considerably added to the effect. Towards morning we got into somewhat clearer water, when, to our great surprise, we sighted some

such there were enough to satisfy us all, and they were soon bought up. I got off cheapest, as I managed to get some very curious articles in return for my Waterbury watch, which took the man's fancy. On returning to the *Biscaya* we found that it had been arranged to tow the sloop a short distance, as its captain said he knew the coast, and thought he could pilot us through the ice part of the way. The ships therefore got under way in company, and most of us then turned in for a few hours, after a most fatiguing day. In the morning we were at a standstill, fairly blocked in on all sides by the ice, which glistened and sparkled round us till one's eyes ached from the glare. The sea was as calm as a mill-pond, the sun was shining in a cloudless sky, and it was so warm that had it not been for the ice around I should have suggested having the hose out and a bath on deck, for the thermometer marked fifty degrees in the shade. It was simply delightful, and made one feel quite pleased to be alive, so to speak. I could not help thinking, as I breathed the exhilarating air, how few Londoners have ever experienced such delight, as inhaling this sort of air seems to impart to one a kind of desire to jump about and give vent to one's animal spirits in quite a schoolboyish fashion, reminding one of one's youthful days before the cares of manhood were upon us, when on the weekly half-holiday the rush was made for the cricket-ground. Owing to the purity of the atmosphere, the refraction or mirage along the horizon was so great that the ice seemed to be literally standing straight up, thus producing the impression of our being surrounded by a high white wall or cliff, an almost indescribable effect, and which, when seen through the glasses, reminded one of a transformation scene at a theatre, when the background is formed of painted gauze which is gradually lifted to disclose further surprises behind. A long and



wearisome delay now occurred, as it was manifestly absurd even to try and advance any farther in the direction we were in. At last it was decided that the *Biscaya* should get out again into the open sea as soon as possible, as our ice-master did not like the look of the huge masses of ice which were pressing tightly on her sides. The walrus-hunter expressed his intention of remaining where he was for a few days, to try and get some seals. Before parting company we entrusted to his care a packet of letters which he promised to post at the first port he touched at—rather a vague promise on his part, as he was uncertain when he would return to civilisation. However, it was worth chancing, as he might possibly get back before we reached the end of our long journey. I could not help wondering how long my letter would take to reach the Strand, and felt certain I should never find a more uncertain post-office than this one.

For the next few days we were dodging the ice in all directions. North, south, east, and west, everywhere it seemed to be closing in on us, till at last, during a futile effort to break through, we got so hemmed in that it was deemed advisable to anchor to a floe for a time, and see if there was any chance of the drifts breaking up with the advancing season. So we brought up at a huge field of hummocky ice, and some men were sent down with the ice-anchor. Most of us then enjoyed our first bit of exercise for a fortnight. It was a novel experience being on one of these floating islands. Though not very slippery, one had to be careful. Along the edges the water deepened gradually, as upon a shore, for a couple of yards or so, till where the ice ended, when it suddenly went off into hundreds of fathoms, which looked like a black abyss beneath us. There was very little to see, however, and, although we took our rifles with us, we did not meet with a single living object, still less a bear or a walrus, as we had fondly hoped we might. The next few days passed quietly. I managed to do a little sketching, although it was chilly work for one's feet on the ice. Then the weather changed, and it came on to rain, with a thick fog accompanying it, so we found the close and stuffy cabin very cosy after being in the bleak wind outside, and, if singing (or, rather, making an infernal row) could help to pass away the time, we certainly did our best to lose no opportunity, our only drawback being that we had not a single musical instrument among us. However, as it generally only was a question who could invent the most unearthly noise to accompany the "songs," the result can be more easily imagined than described. Sometimes we managed to get a shot at a stray seal which was rash enough to come within range, but, as they invariably dived down immediately we had fired, we could never tell if they had been hit or not, still less get them. One brute, with a face like that of an old man, was particularly "cheeky." He would come up alongside and almost stand up in the water and have a good look at us, as much as to say, "Here I am, you fellows! Why don't you try and get me? But you know you can't!" Then, by the time we had got our rifles and ammunition ready, he would disappear suddenly, and a few seconds after come up on the other side of the ship. After a little of this sort of thing we simply got mad, and at last there was quite a battery waiting for him when he did appear. The ice-master, who was up at the mast-head, and could, from that elevated position, see him quite plainly under the water, directed our movements, and when at last we got a shot at him grew awfully excited, yelling out, "That's it! Hit him again in the same place, and you'll get him!" We did not get him, however, for the poor brute dived down, leaving a track of blood in the water, and did not reappear. We then got out a boat, and went on a sort of hunting expedition round about, but without finding anything—in fact, we came to the conclusion, after paddling about for half an hour, that there was nothing to find, so we gave it up as a bad job.

At last it was decided to up anchor and once more try our luck, as our captains, and, in fact, all of us, were getting impatient at the delay, unavoidable though it was. The rain appeared to have loosened the floes considerably, so we were a bit more hopeful.

The sketch "Ice-bound" shows the *Biscaya* temporarily anchored to one of the huge islands of drift-ice which barred her passage in the Kara Sea. These ice-islands, many of them hundreds of acres in extent, and frequently no less than 25 ft. thick, form themselves into streams, or are formed by the current into streams, about two miles wide, and ten to twenty miles in length, the drift-ice of which they consist opening or closing as the wind or tide may change. These huge masses are always to be found in this remote Arctic Sea in the spring, constantly decreasing until the autumn frosts reform them into impassable barriers, when they are once again lost in the darkness of the Arctic winter.

The *Biscaya* was fortunate in having on board an experienced ice-master in Captain Crowther, who has not only frequently traversed these waters, but has spent the greater part of his life in the "Frozen North" as a whaler, and created a name for himself by his bravery when acting as first mate in Mr. Lee-Smith's Bira Expedition in 1881-2, the fate of which is well remembered.

(To be continued.)

#### THE GOUPIL GALLERY.

The works of two artists—totally distinct in every conception of their art, but equally skilful in their respective lines—are now on view at this Gallery (116, New Bond-street), and will fully repay the visitor who cares to study the results of French training to a foreigner and a native.

It is now seven years or more since we first had occasion to call attention to the works of a then little-known American painter, Mr. George Hitchcock, who, after studying in Paris

guidance, which painters, above all others, should be invited to take. In his other works Mr. Hitchcock has followed his instincts more trustfully, and it is in his mastery of Dutch landscape and atmosphere and Dutch village life that he shows himself at his best. The most important of such works is that entitled "Maternité" (14), a peasant woman not idealised, but *attendrie*, returning from work, accompanied by her children, across the sandy dunes. The delicate tones of a summer twilight are here rendered with more than ordinary power and feeling by one who knows intimately the tender gradations of colour by which the sedge and sand grass are modified under the sky of Holland; while he appreciates, as a true artist only can, the harmony which exists between the peasants' grey dresses and the country. "Maternité," moreover, suggests another side of Mr. Hitchcock's art, of which he has given evidence both at the Salon and at Burlington House—namely, his treatment of religious subjects with reference to the feelings of the day. The most finished example of this work he calls "The Manger" (8), but the conception of the

Mother and Child is as far removed from the art of the Renaissance as Mr. Hitchcock's style is from that of the painters of that period. In the open air, amid the flowers of the field, the Virgin is seated with the Child at her breast. There is no attempt to convey mystic meaning or religious ecstasy. There are other works which deserve a fuller notice than we have space to give, and we can only add that the exhibition, although limited in extent, cannot fail to please those who visit it more than many where the attractions offered are more numerous and varied.

The second exhibition in the same galleries is of the drawings made by M. Boutet de Monvel for M. Ferdinand Fabre's somewhat melancholy but highly proper story "Xavière." M. de Monvel is a young French artist who has rapidly attained distinction in Paris, where he studied successively in the ateliers of Cabanel, Lefebvre, Boulanger, and Carolus Duran. He has produced works of all sorts, from illustrations of children's books to gloomy scenes at Charenton; but in every case strength of outline and laborious finish mark his conscientious workmanship. The present collection of studies loses somewhat from the restrictions under which the artist worked, in view of their reproduction by photogravure: nevertheless, we cannot fail to admire the correctness of line and the fineness of touch which each drawing displays. The colouring is rather monotonous—and the story, so far as we can gather it from the illustrations—seems, like M. Fabre's previous works, to deal with phases of French priest and peasant life—and culminates in the death of the heroine, to whose last moments the artist devotes two of the most successful of his drawings. As the exponent of a particular school of contemporary French art, M. Monvel is in every way worthy of careful study and appreciation; but one is forced to ask to what purpose is painting made to invade the domain of photography, when the latter art can produce the same results more exactly.

#### A CONFERENCE OF HORNED OWLS.

The owl's grave aspect is proverbial: as someone said of a great Lord Chancellor, "I wonder if any man could be as wise as that man looks?" so we doubt whether any bird was ever, in real sagacity, endowed with such judicial and deliberative faculties as are expressed by the owl's visage. We have several familiar species in rural England: the barn-owl, which screeches dolefully, but is useful as a killer of rats, and the brown or tawny owl of the woods, the hooter or whooper, are still not uncommon; but few British specimens remain of the genus *Bubo*, the finest of nocturnal birds, called the Horned Owl from its two conspicuous tufts of feathers adorning the head. It has been shot in the northern parts of Scotland and of Ireland, and on the Yorkshire moors, but has seldom been met with here except in mountainous districts; in Germany, Switzerland, Hungary, and Russia its presence is more frequent. The hollows of rocks are its usual habitation, but it sometimes finds a congenial abode in the ruins of old castles, and its dreary note has been interpreted as a ghostly lament for the extinction of an old noble family. No bird, however, is more wide-awake to its own present needs and dangers; and our Artist has represented three horned owls keeping watch in a glen, possibly holding a serious consultation about something they have heard or espied. Some of this species exceed twenty-four inches in length, from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail; the upper part of the body is variegated, black and yellowish brown; the throat of the male bird white, and the lower parts of an ochreous colour, with black dashes; the legs and feet are covered with reddish-yellow plumes. It may be considered the handsomest, as well as the largest, of the ancient race of owls.



FROM THE THAMES TO SIBERIA: ICE-BOUND IN THE KARA SEA.  
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD THE *BISCAYA*.

under Boulanger and Lefebvre, passed on to Holland to learn all that Mesdag and the "pleinairistes" of the Low Countries could teach him. The exhibition of his works, in company with a brother artist and fellow-countryman—who has also attained distinction in Paris—attracted but little notice at the time, and Mr. Hitchcock's name was then scarcely known in this country. In Paris, however, he speedily attracted attention, and a few years back his picture of the Tulip Garden was placed in the Salle d'Honneur of the Salon. A fresh and, as we think, a more effective treatment of this subject was exhibited at Burlington House last summer, and a further study of it in the present exhibition under the title of "Tulip Culture" (16) confirms our opinion as to its originality in composition and its effect as a work of art. In this, as in "Apple Blossoms" (7) and the "Poppy Field" (17), we have a fair measure of Mr. Hitchcock's keen appreciation of bright colour; while in the two studies for the Tulip Garden we can trace the steps of his thought and fancy until they brought him to his finished picture. In some respects we think his first study (22) would have worked out even more satisfactorily than his final inspiration. "*Défiérez-vous de vos premiers mouvements: ils sont souvent bons*," said a well-known moralist; and it is a warning, or rather





A CONFERENCE OF HORNED OWLS: "THREE HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE."



## MUSIC.

With the close of Signor Lago's season of the Royal Italian Opera a comparative lull has ensued in London music, which will soon be rather inactive, until the beginning of the new year. The Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall are still maintained, the last evening performance of this year being fixed for Dec. 15, and the final afternoon concert for Dec. 20. At the afternoon concert of Dec. 6, Mr. L. Borwick reappeared as pianist, and played with excellent mechanism, and true appreciation of the original character of the work, Schumann's solo sonata in F sharp minor (Op. 11), besides having been associated with Signor Piatti in Brahms's sonata for piano and violoncello, Op. 99—a characteristic work, which was then given for the first time at a Popular concert, but had before been heard in London. The same executants and Madame Neruda co-operated at the concert now referred to, in Haydn's bright and genial trio in G (No. 1). Mr. H. Piercy contributed, with much effect, songs by Maude White and Mendelssohn. For the evening concert of Dec. 8, Herr Schönberger was announced as pianist, Mr. F. Davies as vocalist, and the string quartet party as before.

The Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace will be suspended after Dec. 13 until Feb. 14. The concert of Dec. 6 included a performance of Mr. Hamish McCunn's choral ballad "The Cameronian's Dream," a very characteristic work, which had already been given with great success at Edinburgh. The baritone solo was well declaimed by Mr. Henschel. On the same occasion (Dec. 6) Dr. Hubert Parry's cantata "L'Allegro ed il Peuseroso" was included in the programme. The work has already been spoken of by us in reference to its successful production at the Norwich Festival in October last. Its recent performance at the Crystal Palace again proved highly effective. The solo portions were well rendered by Miss A. Sherwin and Mr. Henschel.

The second of Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall, on Dec. 4, included a very fine performance of Schubert's uncompleted symphony in B minor, and a "Suite" for strings, composed by Miss E. M. Smyth. This was originally written as a quintet, and was so performed at Leipzig. There is some clever writing in it, but a lack of original idea and treatment. Other items of the programme call for no comment. The previous four seasons of these interesting concerts had the support of guarantors, and proved so successful as to justify the belief that the fifth series might be carried on without such security. So far, this impression has proved delusive; and Mr. Henschel has issued a notice proposing subscriptions, in advance, for the remaining concerts of Jan. 15, 29, and Feb. 12, 26, and, according to the extent to which this proposal is met, the series will be completed or discontinued.

Master J. Gerady, a very young violoncellist, gave a recital at St. James's Hall on Dec. 4, when he displayed executive powers and musical intelligence that would be admirable in a performer of mature age, and in one so young are exceptionally remarkable. In portions of a difficult concerto by Goltermann, and in shorter pieces, the boy violoncellist produced a full and fine tone, and mastered difficulties with a command and facility that were of exceptional excellence. The young artist should meet with widespread success.

Madame Essipoff's fourth recital at Steinway Hall, on Dec. 5, included a well-contrasted selection of chamber-music, comprising solo pieces for the accomplished Russian pianist and concerted works in which the names of M. Wolff, the eminent violinist, and Herr Klengel, the skilful violoncellist, were associated.

Señor Sarasate gave his last concert of the season at St. James's Hall on Dec. 5, when there was so great a demand for tickets as to prove that the popularity of the eminent Spanish violinist remains undiminished. His programme consisted of chamber-music, and included his solo performances, and others in which he was associated with that sterling pianist Madame Berthe Marx; a special feature having been their fine performance of Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata.

An interesting lecture was recently delivered at the Royal Academy of Music by Mr. T. L. Southgate, who discoursed on ancient Egyptian musical instruments generally, and specially on the double flutes lately discovered by Mr. F. Petrie in a tomb at Kahun. These instruments, some three thousand years old, give out our modern diatonic scale, from which fact Mr. Southgate naturally concludes that the Egyptians were far in advance of the Greeks in musical knowledge as we understand it; and that we moderns are greatly more indebted, in that respect, to the first-named people than has hitherto been supposed. From a copy of a flute the supposed date of which was about 1576 B.C. the notes of our chromatic scale have been sounded. The lecture was of high interest both to antiquaries and musicians.

The Westminster Orchestral Society continues to flourish, as was proved by its sixteenth concert at the Westminster Townhall, on Dec. 3, when, besides familiar pieces, a "Dramatic Overture" by Mr. W. Shakespeare was performed. It is an effective piece, containing some clever and varied instrumentation, but with some want of a definite and coherent plan. A noticeable feature of the concert was Miss E. Shinner's skilful execution of Max Bruch's violin concerto in G minor. Mr. Shakespeare conducted his own work, other pieces having been directed by Mr. Stewart Macpherson, the society's conductor.

The Stock Exchange Orchestral Society announced the opening of its new season with the first of three concerts at St. James's Hall on Dec. 9.

Sir Charles Hallé's third Symphony concert, at St. James's Hall, on Dec. 12, must be spoken of hereafter.

The concert at St. James's Hall, on Dec. 6, in aid of the Post-Office Orphan Home, provided a miscellaneous programme of varied attractions, with a benevolent purpose that it is to be hoped will be fully answered.

Mr. C. Copland recently gave a pleasant vocal recital at Steinway Hall, where, on Dec. 3, Miss Helen Townshend (an estimable vocalist) announced her evening concert, and Miss A. Bartlett (a promising pianist) organised a concert on Dec. 9.

A new season of the Carl Rosa Opera Company begins at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, on Dec. 29. The prospectus promises a varied selection from the extensive repertory now possessed by the company, comprising original English operas composed expressly for it, and adaptations from foreign works. Several popular artists who have made their chief stage reputation in association with this company are re-engaged, among them being Madame Georgina Burns, Mlle. De Lussan, Miss Dickerson, Miss Saunders, Mr. B. McGuckin, Mr. J. Child, Mr. L. Crotty, Mr. M. Eugene, and Mr. E. Albert—other efficient artists, too numerous for specific mention, contributing to the efficiency of the respective casts. The co-operation of Signor Runcio and Signor Abramoff—hitherto well known on the Italian operatic stage—is a valuable feature.

The "Professional Pocket-book," published by Messrs. Rudell, Carte, and Co.—according to the plan of the late

Sir Julius Benedict—has just been issued for 1891. It contains a large amount of useful information for musicians, amateur and professional, with dates of musical performances, and a diary, with dates and hours, for the entry of engagements. The book maintains its well-earned reputation, and will, doubtless, receive a continuance of the large patronage which has hitherto been bestowed on it.

Gounod's charming opera "The Mock Doctor" ("Le Médecin malgré lui"), recently revived by Mr. R. Temple and his company at the Grand Theatre, Islington—as noticed by us—has been transferred to the Globe Theatre.

The students of Trinity College gave an orchestral concert, on Dec. 9, at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly.

A concert by the Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society was announced for Dec. 12 at the Royal Academy of Music.

Herr Waldemar Meyer, the eminent violinist, played recently at the Concordia Club, Vienna, with very great success.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

ALPHA.—Your tries are all ingenious, but to no purpose. Black defends P to Q 3rd by R to R 5th, &c.

J A DE R (Paris).—We exceedingly regret that our exchange list is at present too full to enable us to comply with your request.

E GARDNER (Cogneshall).—We scarcely understand your letter. In No. 2430 the only White R is at Q 5th, and the Black K is at Q 5th. How, then, can the K take R on its second move? The answer to B takes Kt is Q to Kt 7th, mate.

T BENNETT (Rockhampton, Queensland).—Your two-mover makes a considerable advance in your powers of combination; but the idea of making the Black R and B block each other has been worked too often to render the problem acceptable. We shall be pleased to examine and report on any further efforts you may send us.

R RANCIAP.—Your hesitation does credit to your judgment. You have overlooked the defence of Q to Kt 7th.

W F T (Bath).—Thanks for your letter and information, which want of space prevents us using more fully.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2429 received from C W von Alten (Weymouth); of No. 2430 from J W Shaw (Montreal); of No. 2431 from Lieutenant-Colonel Ryan (Brighton) and Glenwood Club (New York); of No. 2432 from Bulgan, T Roberts, and R H Brooks; of No. 2433 from V (Guernsey) E W Brook, Captain J A Challice, A Bourguignon (Naples), E S C (Hampstead), J D Tucker (Leeds), Tortebesse, N Gales, Rev Winfield Cooper, E C McMaster, W B S, J Brown (Torquay), T H Hilton (Bolton), T S, W Rigby, W F Payne, and W H Hayton.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2434 received from L Desanges (Ouchy), Herbert Chown (Brighton), E Bygott, Sorrento (Dunwich), C E Perugini, Dr F St, J D Tucker (Leeds), Fr Fernando (Dublin), W R Rallem, Shadforth, J Hall, Dawn, J Dixon, Dr Watts (Heidelberg), A Newman, J C Ireland, Martin F, J Coad, N Harris, M Hood, Columbus, C M A B, W R B (Plymouth), Julia Short (Exeter), H B Hurford, R H Brooks, R Worters (Canterbury), L Stubbs, Alpha, Odham Club, F Wilkens (Liverpool), E E H, T Roberts, E Louden, R Smith, S Kevern (Saltash), P C (Shrewsbury), T G (Ware), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), W F S Harris (Ambleside), M Mullendorff (Luxembourg), Russell, Chess Club (Malvern College), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), D McGay (Galway), W. David (Cardiff), B D Knox, Lily Buckley (Ross), F G Bennett, Fidelitas, A N Brayshaw (Scarborough), F Deane, P H Hudson (Leeds), and J Brown (Torquay).

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2432.—By R. KELLY.

## WHITE.

1. Kt to Kt 8th
2. R to Kt 4th (ch)
3. Q to B 4th, mate.

## BLACK.

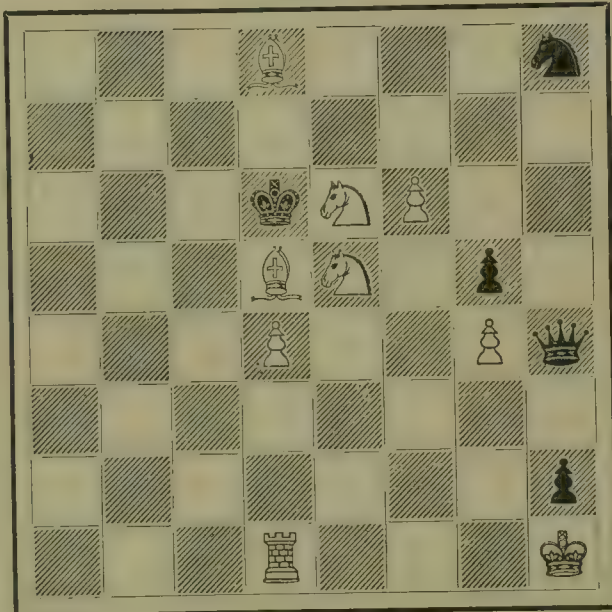
- K to K 5th
- P takes R

If Black play 1. K to B 5th, then follow 2. Q to K 6th (ch); and if 1. Any move, then 2. Q to K 6th (ch), K takes Q; 3. Kt to B 7th, mate.

## PROBLEM No. 2436

By SIGNOR ASPA.

## BLACK.



## WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

The following game was played at the City of London Chess Club by Messrs. KENNEDY, HARLEY, and H. G. A. BROWN, consulting against Messrs. HENNEL, PASSMORE, and P. HOWELL.

## (Irregular Opening.)

## WHITE (Messrs.

K., B., and H.)

1. P to Q B 4th

2. P to K 3rd

3. Kt to Q B 3rd

4. Kt to B 3rd

5. P to Q 4th

6. Kt to K 2nd

7. B to K 2nd

## BLACK (Messrs.

H., P., and H.)

1. P to K 4th

2. P to K Kt 3rd

3. Kt to Kt 2nd

4. P to K B 4th

5. P to K 5th

6. Kt to K B 3rd

7. B to K 2nd

## WHITE (Messrs.

K., B., and H.)

13. P to Q R 4th

14. P to Q R 4th

15. P to Q Kt 4th

16. Kt to Q sq

17. B takes B

18. P takes P

19. P to R 3rd

20. Q to B 3rd

21. R to B 2nd

22. Kt to K 3rd

23. P takes B

24. Kt to B 3rd

25. K takes R

and White resigns.

## BLACK (Messrs.

H., P., and H.)

1. P to B 2nd

2. R to B 3rd

3. P to B 5th

4. Kt to K B sq

5. Kt to K 3rd

6. Kt to B 7th

7. R takes R

8. P takes Kt

9. P takes Kt

10. P takes Kt

11. P takes Kt

12. P takes Kt

13. P takes Kt

14. P takes Kt

15. P takes Kt

16. P takes Kt

17. P takes Kt

18. P takes Kt

19. P takes Kt

20. P takes Kt

21. P takes Kt

22. P takes Kt

23. P takes Kt

24. P takes Kt

25. P takes Kt

26. P takes Kt

27. P takes Kt

28. P takes Kt

29. P takes Kt

30. P takes Kt

31. P takes Kt

32. P takes Kt

33. P takes Kt

34. P takes Kt

35. P takes Kt

36. P takes Kt

37. P takes Kt

38. P takes Kt

39. P takes Kt

40. P takes Kt

41. P takes Kt

42. P takes Kt

43. P takes Kt

44. P takes Kt

45. P takes Kt

46. P takes Kt

47. P takes Kt

48. P takes Kt

49. P takes Kt

50. P takes Kt

51. P takes Kt

52. P takes Kt

53. P takes Kt

54. P takes Kt

55. P takes Kt

56. P takes Kt

57. P takes Kt

58. P takes Kt

59. P takes Kt

60. P takes Kt

61. P takes Kt

62. P takes Kt

63. P takes Kt

64. P takes Kt

65. P takes Kt

66. P takes Kt

67. P takes Kt

68. P takes Kt

69. P takes Kt

70. P takes Kt

71. P takes Kt

72. P takes Kt

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# MAPPIN & WEBB'S ARTISTIC SILVER CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.



Registered Design.  
Six Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs. In Morocco Case,  
£1 11s. 6d. Solid Silver, £2 10s.



Tea Tray, Handomely Engraved Centre and Handles.  
20 inches, £11 11s. 22 inches, £12 12s. 24 inches, £13 13s.



Four Chased Solid Silver Salts and Spoons, in Rich Morocco Case, Lined Silk, Acorn Design, £3 15s. Six in Case, £5 15s.



Richly Chased and Gilt Fruit Spoons and Sifter; in Morocco Case.  
Two Spoons and Sifter .. £4 0 0 .. £1 11 6  
Two Spoons only .. .. 3 0 0 .. 1 1 0



Sterling Silver Fern Pot, richly Chased (various patterns), gilt inside, £1 16s.

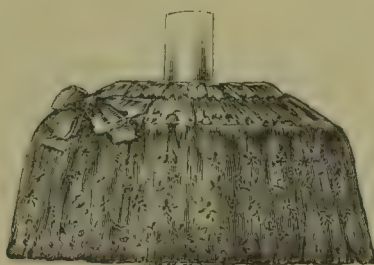


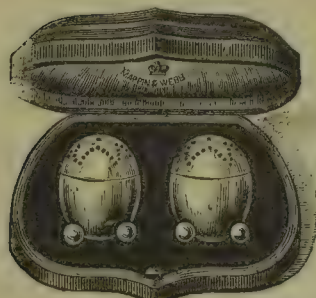
Table Lamp, with Lace Shade, complete. Height, 13 in., £1.



Registered Design.  
The "Paxton" Flower Bowl, 6½ in. high, £3 5s.



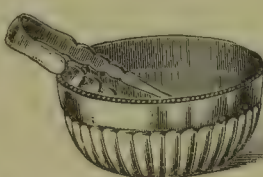
Two Sterling Silver Salts, Spoons, and Muffineer, in Case, £3 10s.



Two Sterling Silver "Dot" Muffineers, in Morocco Case, Lined Silk and Velvet, £1 5s.



Cut Glass Pepper Mill, 15s. Sterling Silver Mounts, 35s.



Registered Design.  
Princess Sugar Bowl and Tongs, 10s. 6d. Sterling Silver, £1 15s.



Escalloped Butter Shell and Knife, with Glass Lining, 12s. 6d. Sterling Silver, £2 2s.



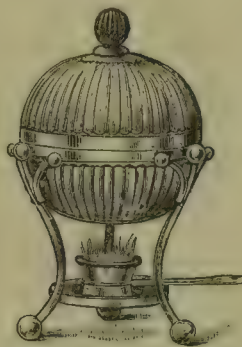
Case containing Two Fruit Spoons, Two Nut Cracks, Two Nut Picks, and One Pair Grape Scissors, £2 10s.



Two Sterling Silver Salt-Cellars, Spoons, and Muffineer, in Morocco Case, £2.



Coffee Pot, Fluted, with Lamp and Stand.  
1 pint .. .. £5 0 0  
1½ .. .. 5 10 0  
2 .. .. 6 0 0



Fluted Egg Steamer, with Spirit Lamp, complete. To boil three eggs simultaneously, £1 12s. Sterling Silver, £9 9s.



Full-size Oval Breakfast Dish. Converts into Three Dishes by simply removing the handle, £3 15s.

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(250 ILLUSTRATIONS),  
**POST FREE.**



Antique Sterling Silver Bowl and Sifter, in Morocco Case, £5 10s.



Fluted Afternoon Tea Service, £5 10s.



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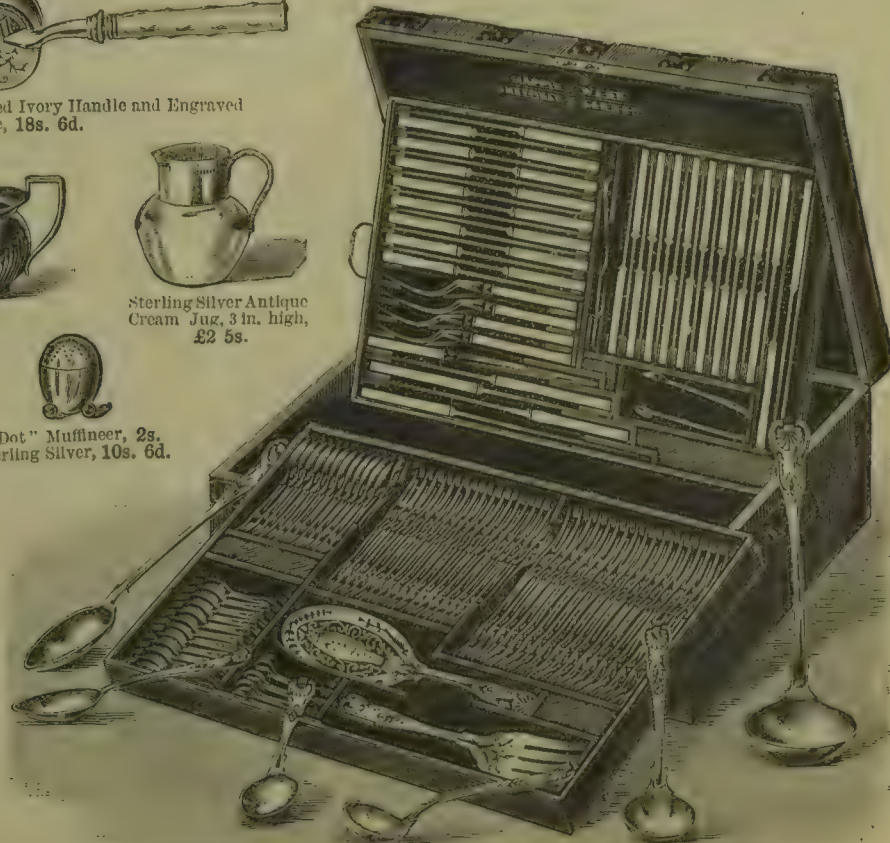


Sterling Silver Antique Cream Jug, 3 in. high, £2 5s.

"Dot" Muffineer, 2s. Sterling Silver, 10s. 6d.



Pair of Game Carvers, Pair of Meat Carvers and Steel, in Morocco Leather or Solid Oak Case. Best African Ivory Handles, with richly chased Solid Silver Caps, and finest Shear Steel, £4 10s. The same without Game Carvers, £3.



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MANUFACTORY: ROYAL PLATE AND CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.



## OBITUARY.

## LORD COTTESLOE.

The Right Hon. Thomas Francis Fremantle, Lord Cottesloe, of Swanburne and Hardwicke, Bucks, a Baronet, and a Baron of the Austrian Empire, died on Dec. 3. He was born March 11, 1798, the eldest son of Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Francis Fremantle, G.C.B., a distinguished naval officer, who participated in the victories of Copenhagen and Trafalgar. He was educated at Eton and at Oriel College, Oxford, and graduated first class in mathematics and second class in classics in 1819. He represented Buckingham from 1827 to 1846, was Secretary to the Treasury 1831 to 1833, Secretary at War 1844 to 1845, Chief Secretary for Ireland 1845 to 1846, and Chairman of the Board of Customs 1846 to 1874. He was raised to the Peerage March 2 in the latter year. Lord Cottesloe married, in 1824, Louisa Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Field Marshal Sir George Nugent, Bart., G.C.B., and had five sons and six daughters. The eldest son and successor, Thomas Francis, now second Lord, late M.P. for Bucks, was born Jan. 30, 1830, married Lady Augusta Henriett, daughter of the second Earl of Eldon, and has issue.

## LORD DERAMORE.

The Right Hon. Thomas, Lord Deramore, of Belvoir Park, in the county of Down, and a Baronet, died on Dec. 1. He was born June 4, 1819, the second son of Sir Robert Bateson, M.P., of Belvoir Park, created a Baronet in 1818. He was in early life a Captain in the 13th Light Dragoons. He sat in Parliament for the county of Londonderry from 1844 to 1857, and for Devizes from 1864 to 1885. In 1852 he became a Lord of the Treasury, and in 1885 was raised to the Peerage as Baron Deramore, with remainder, in default of male issue, to his brother, George William Bateson de Yarburgh of Heslington Hall, in the county of York, who now succeeds to the title. The late Lord married, Feb. 24, 1849, Caroline Elizabeth Anne, second daughter and coheir of the fourth Lord Dynevor, by whom (who died in 1887) he leaves two daughters, Eva Frances Caroline, widow of Mr. Ker of Monalto, and Kathleen Mary, married in 1877 to Mr. Walter Randolph Farquhar.

## SIR WILLIAM RICHARD DRAKE.

Sir William Richard Drake, F.S.A., of Oatlands Lodge, Weybridge, and of 12, Prince's-gardens, Treasurer of County Courts, died on Dec. 2, in his seventy-fourth year. He was a

descendant of a younger branch of the old Devon family of Drake of Ashe, was born in 1817, the elder son of the late Mr. William Drake, and married, in 1846, Katherine Stewart-Forbes, daughter of Mr. Richard Thomas Goodwin, E.I.C.S., but had no issue. Lady Drake died Aug. 21, 1880. Sir William, who was knighted Oct. 1, 1869, received several foreign orders of knighthood.

## SIR CAVENDISH FOSTER, BART.

The Rev. Sir Cavendish Hervey Foster, Bart., of Stonehouse, in the county of Louth, died at Overswell Rectory, Gloucestershire, on Nov. 27, aged seventy-three. He was second son of the Right Hon. Augustus John Foster, a distinguished diplomatist, who was created a Baronet in 1831. He married, Jan. 15, 1844, Isabella, youngest daughter of the Rev. John Todd, and was left a widower in 1881. His elder son, now Sir John Frederick Foster, J.P. and D.L., third Baronet, was born Jan. 16, 1847, and is married to the eldest daughter of Mr. T. C. Chisenhale Marsh of Gaynes Park, Essex.

## SIR BARNES PEACOCK.

The Right Hon. Sir Barnes Peacock, P.C., member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, died on Dec. 3, at 40, Cornwall-gardens, aged eighty-six. He was called to the Bar in 1836, made Queen's Counsel in 1850, and appointed Legal Member of the Supreme Council of India in 1852. He became afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Calcutta. The honour of knighthood was conferred on him by Patent in 1859. In 1862 he was nominated Chief Justice of the High Court of Judicature, and retired in 1870. In that year he was sworn of the Privy Council, and constituted, in 1872, an additional member of the Judicial Committee.

## MR. BARON HUDDLESTON.

The Hon. Sir John Walter Huddleston, a Baron of the Exchequer, one of the Judges of the High Court of Justice, died on Dec. 5, aged seventy-five. He was son of Thomas Huddleston, of Dublin, and matriculated at Trinity College in that city. He was called to the Bar in 1839, received the coif in 1857, and was for some years Judge-Advocate of the Fleet and Counsel to the Admiralty. In February 1875 he was appointed a Justice of the Common Pleas, and shortly after, in May, was transferred to the Exchequer, when he became a Judge of the High Court of Justice. He sat in Parliament, a Conservative, for Canterbury, 1865 to 1868, and for Norwich 1874 to 1875. He had on different occasions contested unsuccessfully Worcester, Shrewsbury, and Kidderminster. He married, Dec. 18, 1872, Lady Diana de Vere Beauclerk, only daughter of the late Duke of St. Albans. Mr. Baron Huddleston was regarded as a very able Judge.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Walter Salwey Beale, late of the 70th Regiment, on Nov. 29. He was eldest son of Mr. Thomas Salwey Beale of Heath House, Shropshire.

The Rev. Robert Isham, M.A., Rector of Lamport, in the county of Northampton, second son of the Rev. Vere Isham, Rector of Lamport, and grandson of Sir Justinian Isham, D.C.L., seventh Baronet, on Nov. 26, aged eighty-five.

Adelaide, Mrs. Peel, wife of the Speaker, on Dec. 5. This lamented lady (for whom Queen Adelaide stood sponsor) was

daughter of Mr. William Stratford Dugdale, M.P., of Merevale Hall, in the county of Warwick, by Harriet Ella, his wife, sister of the first Viscount Portman, and was a direct descendant of the celebrated genealogist Sir William Dugdale, Garter King-of-Arms of the time of the Civil War. She married, in 1862, the Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel, youngest son of Sir Robert Peel, Bart., the Prime Minister, and leaves issue, four sons and three daughters.

Archibald Campbell Swinton of Kimmerghame, Berwickshire, J.P. and D.L., Advocate, LL.D., F.R.S.E. and F.S.A.S., Brigadier-General in the Royal Company of Archers, Professor of Civil Law in the University of Edinburgh, &c., on Nov. 27, at his seat near Duns, aged seventy-eight. He was a descendant of the ancient family of Swinton of Swinton, of which were Sir John Swinton, statesman and soldier, whose death at Homildon is immortalised by Sir Walter Scott, and his son, another Sir John Swinton, killed at the battle of Verneuil. Mr. A. Campbell Swinton was twice married, and leaves issue.

## ART MAGAZINES.

Fernand Khnopff is an artist whose work is hardly, if at all, known in England, and, therefore, an article about him in the December number of the *Magazine of Art*, illustrated with reproductions from his pictures, is to be welcomed as enabling the public to judge in some measure of his peculiar and half-mystical genius. "The Walls of Stamboul," the second paper, gives Mr. Tristram Ellis an opportunity of presenting some of his picturesque sketches of the old parts of Constantinople. In this month's part of "The Modern Schools of Painting and Sculpture," Claude Phillips treats of the works of the modern northern Continental schools—the German, the Dutch, and the Scandinavian. "Embroidered Book-Covers" and the "English School of Miniature Art" complete the table of contents for December's *Magazine of Art*.

In the *Art Journal* for December, Alice Meynell's essay on "The Nativity in Art" is embellished with some excellent reproductions of famous pictures of that subject, among them being Uhde's fine canvas "On the way to Bethlehem," which was exhibited at the New Salon in Paris last spring. An illustrated account of Buckingham Palace will, we hope, do something to remove the unjustly founded opinion that this familiar structure has no claim to any good architectural qualities, or is little more than an eyesore among the public buildings of London. "Bismarck in Caricature" might well have been longer, for anything about the famous Chancellor cannot fail to be of interest. Some specimens of the caricatures are very droll, and present their hero under every aspect. A powerful etching by James Dobie of Fred Hall's picture "Adversity" is the frontispiece of this number.

The yearly volume of the *Art Journal* is one of the best ever issued. Besides a dozen full-page etchings and photographs, it is brimming over with smaller illustrations on every page, and treats of such a variety of subjects that there is something to suit every taste. It is one of the choicest art books of the season.

*Young People and Old Pictures* is entertaining reading of a rambling and discursive kind. It is full of anecdotes and descriptions, gathered from many sources, in connection with famous portraits of children and the artists who painted them. The illustrations, all of them reproductions from the works of the old masters, are remarkably well engraved, and the book is got up with taste in every respect.

TEA MERCHANTS  
BY APPOINTMENT TO  
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

# UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY'S TEAS

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BY APPOINTMENT TO

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

FIRST HAND DIRECT FROM IMPORTER TO CONSUMER, SAVING ALL MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS! DELIVERED ANYWHERE, CARRIAGE PAID.

- 1s. 0d. a lb. HOYUNE and ASSAM  
Of Excellent Quality.
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Thoroughly Good Tea.
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Of Great Strength and Fine Quality.
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The May Pickings, Covered with Bloom.
- 2s. 0d. a lb. CEYLON and DARJEELING.  
Of Superb Quality, a most Delicious Tea.
- Teas at 1s. 6d. and upwards, packed in 7, 10, 14, and 20 lb. Canisters without extra charge.
- Also in Half-Chests of about 56 lb.; and Chests of about 90 lb.
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½ lb., ¼ lb., or 1 lb. bags also without extra charge.
- THESE TEAS ENJOY A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION  
FOR THOROUGH EXCELLENCE AND PURITY.
- NOTHING LIKE THEM ANYWHERE!!!**

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"It is not surprising to learn that day by day the public are appreciating more and more widely the excellent combination of good quality and moderation of price in HIGH-CLASS TEAS which have been achieved by the well-known UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY (Limited), of 21, Mincing Lane, London. To ladies in particular it is a matter for congratulation that, by the continued growth of the Business, this enterprising Company is able to offer their Customers better value than ever for their money, as no one but a woman knows quite all the comfort contained in that simple luxury 'a good cup of tea.' The United Kingdom Tea Company's name is now a HOUSEHOLD WORD in ENGLISH HOMES, and this pleasant condition is likely to become even more marked with the lapse of time while the Company continues to give such quality and value in all classes of their excellent Teas."

The daily INCREASING MULTITUDE of ORDERS received by the UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY (Limited) is unmistakable evidence of how widely their system of FIRST HAND TRADING is appreciated throughout the Country. The public are realising what the Directors of the UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY have accomplished in breaking down the ADAMANTINE WALL of PARTITION which previously existed between IMPORTER and CONSUMER, enabling anyone, in even the smallest Town or Village in the Kingdom, to obtain TEA DIRECT from the IMPORTERS; Delivered at their own Doors anywhere, CARRIAGE PAID. The result is, the Offices of the UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY are BESIEGED with CUSTOMERS for TEA.

PROPRIETORS OF HOTELS AND MANAGERS OF LARGE INSTITUTIONS WILL FIND IT MOST ADVANTAGEOUS USING THESE TEAS IN THEIR ESTABLISHMENTS.



All packages containing the United Kingdom Tea Company's Teas, whether Chests, Canisters, Bags, or Packets, invariably bear, as a Guarantee of Quality, the Company's Registered Trade Mark, as above—viz., Three Ladies, representing England, Scotland, and Ireland—the United Kingdom.

## Read what the LANCET says:

"UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY'S TEAS.—We have examined and analysed these Teas at some length. Indian Teas, it is well known, 'give rough, thick liquors, the Teas of China are delightfully delicate in flavour and aroma, while the Teas of Ceylon appear to occupy a position intermediate in character. These qualities are combined by the UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY by the judicious and careful blending in such proportions as to yield the best results, and are, in fact, just what one would expect to gain with GENUINE AND CAREFULLY PREPARED TEAS."

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## Read what HEALTH says:

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## EASTERN FLOWER DINNER SERVICE,

Blue, Slate, or Green Flowers, on Cream Body.

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Red on Cream Body. £5 6s. 6d.

With Gilt Handles, any Colour, 21s extra.

*This beautiful Design is kept in Stock in many other Colours, up to £20 a Set.*

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BREAKFAST SERVICE, for Twelve Persons, { £2 19 0  
to match (any Colour) . . . . .

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Samples of Services sent on Approval, Carriage Paid.

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HER MAJESTY'S POTTERS AND GLASS MANUFACTURERS.

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THE LEADING ELECTRO-PLATERS AND CUTLERS OF THE WORLD.

Manufactory: Queen's Plate and Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

**SILVER.**—All articles are solid sterling silver and hall-marked. MAPPIN BROTHERS are constantly producing charming novelties suitable for Wedding, Birthday, Christening, or Complimentary Presents, an inspection of which is invited.

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MAPPIN BROTHERS' Spoons and Forks are extra heavily plated on the finest white Nickel Silver, and will last a lifetime. By the aid of modern machinery MAPPIN BROTHERS are enabled to produce these better and cheaper than any other house. Merchants, Shippers, and those about to furnish will find an immense advantage in purchasing from MAPPIN BROTHERS.

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BROTHERS' Cutlery is manufactured of the finest double shear steel and the best African ivory handles. It has stood the test of eighty years, and is highly commended from all parts of the World.

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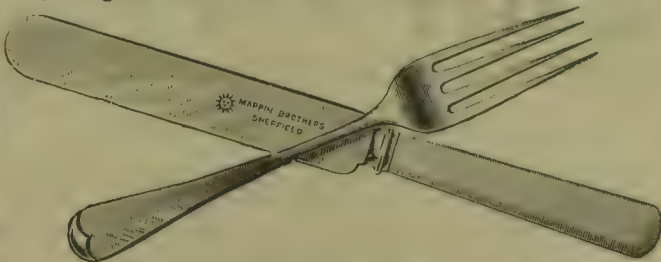
MAPPIN BROTHERS have organised a special department for the prompt and accurate execution of country orders, and customers may be assured of their instructions being attended to and their selections made as carefully as though a personal visit were paid.

### CAUTION.—MAPPIN

BROTHERS regret to find it necessary to caution the public against inferior imitations of their goods, which, although similar in appearance, only the test of wear can discover to be counterfeit. MAPPIN BROTHERS' goods can only be obtained at 220, Regent-street, W.; 66, Cheapside, E.C.; and Queen's Plate and Cutlery Works, Sheffield.



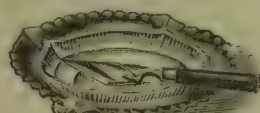
Mustard, Cruet, complete with Mustard and Salt Spoon, 16s. 6d.



All Electro-Plated Spoons and Forks, and Finest Table Cutlery. Special Price List on application.



Butter Dish, with Cut Glass Lining, complete, with Knife, 18s. 6d.



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Piano Candlesticks, hand-somely Plated. Per pair, All Electro-Plate, £1 18s.; Solid Silver, £5 5s.

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### ELECTRO-PLATE.—MAPPIN

BROTHERS' Electro-plate is the finest in the world, has stood the test of eighty years, and is highly commended by all who have used it. The designs are equal in appearance and finish to solid silver.

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BROTHERS' Dressing-Bags are made from the finest selected skins only, and particular attention is given to fitting them in the most complete and useful manner. Ladies and gentlemen will do well to inspect them before deciding elsewhere.

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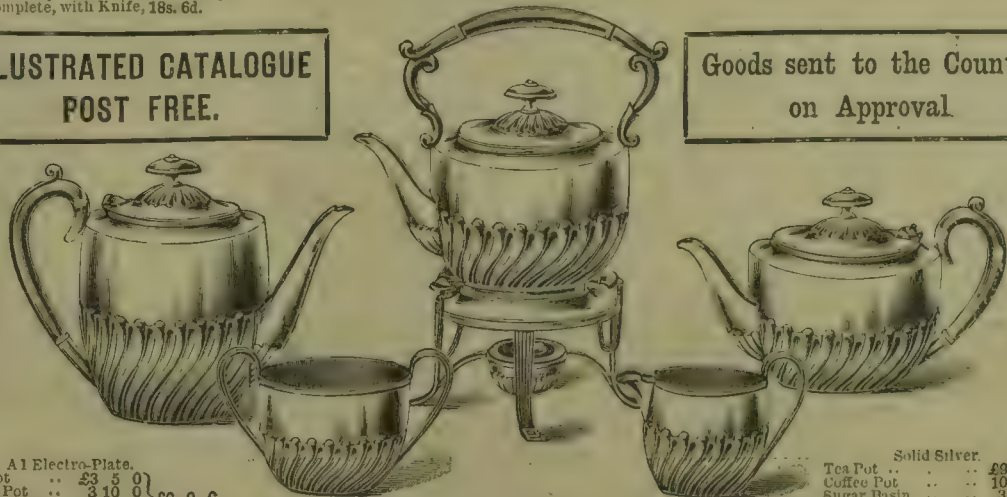
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All Electro-Plate.  
Tea Pot .. £3 5 0  
Coffee Pot .. 3 10 0  
Sugar Basin .. 1 10 0  
Cream Jug .. 1 4 0  
Kettle .. .. 6 0 0

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MAPPIN BROTHERS' New Pattern Plating. Best Finish.

Solid Silver.  
Tea Pot .. £9 5 0  
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## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

When a sensational trial of a woman takes place it is becoming quite a usual thing now for journalism to burst forth into a column of reprobation of the ladies who attend the court. If anything of the sort is said, however, I fancy it ought, on the contrary, to be applied rather to the men who throng, gaping and greedy-eyed, to add to the misery of the wretch who stands with life or honour gradually ebbing away from her grasp. Every man in court is an addition to the agony of a woman prisoner who sees her own disgraceful past unveiled: the presence of her sister women is comparatively indifferent at least, and, in some sort, doubtless a relief.

Nothing could be more barbarous than to make a female prisoner the one woman in a crowded court. It has often been done in time past—judge, jury, counsel, officials, and idle mob of spectators, all men; and the hunted woman, the only one of her sex, set in their midst. What cruelty! In time to come we shall no doubt have women lawyers, and perhaps women on juries. This last is a necessity, if female prisoners at the bar are ever to be really "tried by their peers." Meantime, the abuse of women who go to hear the trials of women should be transferred to the men who are unmanly enough to crowd a court to enjoy the spectacle of watching a woman tried for her life, knowing that by their very presence they must intensify her degradation.

An interesting society event is the first night of a new play. There is an atmosphere of only half-suppressed excitement about the whole house, on and off the boards. The story that is being unfolded on the stage is absolutely novel to everybody. All the seats in the house are occupied, which in itself is pleasant to the eye; and, though you may not know

who the persons filling stalls and dress-circle individually are, you are well aware that five out of every six of them are persons of some sort of distinction. Be sure they look so, as well as are so; it is quite possible to take "nobody" for "somebody," but the consciousness of importance gives an air which is unmistakable, and "somebody" is seldom overlooked. So, altogether, it is very interesting to be at a good theatrical first night.

At the opening of the New Olympic, the gallery was eagerly on the watch to recognise distinguished persons in the boxes and stalls, and Miss Eastlake, who was so long "leading lady" with Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Princess's, received quite an ovation when she came into her box. She was very simply dressed in white. The handsomest gown in the house was worn by a young American who accompanied Mr. Barrett's daughters in their box. This gown was a bright pink crêpe de Chine, cut low, with puffy sleeves to below the elbows, and a garland of pink roses for berthe, some of the same flowers being worn in the hair. Mr. Barrett's daughters, who are still quite girls, have lately gone into business as dressmakers in Bond-street, and have made all the gowns now being worn on the Olympic stage. There is a perfect craze for lady "tradeswomen" just now: these two young ladies are the daughters of an actress and an actor (their mother was professionally known as Miss Heath, reader to the Queen), so that their natural destiny might seem the stage; but they say that their mother disapproved of that career for her girls. Hence their share in the new enterprise is only to make the gowns worn on the stage.

Miss Winifred Emery's first dress, and that worn by Miss Jeffries as a young American, are both particularly good. Miss Emery's is of pale-green crêpe and silk, trimmed with pink

rosebuds. There is a cluster of these flowers on the shoulders, and others are used to loop up a narrow festooned flounce of the silk round the bottom of the skirt. Flounces draped in this manner are now being frequently placed round evening dresses, to break the plain straightness of the make. A long sash of several ends of ribbon further adorns the skirt of this little gown of Miss Emery's. The other dress referred to is of palest yellow crêpe de Chine, trimmed with a perfect flower-bed of pansies, forming a berthe, and then passing across the whole front of the bodice, from the left side to the right hip; the dress has a hanging sleeve, caught up toward the shoulder with a similar spray.

Flowers—artificial ones—are being used profusely on dancing frocks. Sets comprising a shoulder-knot, an entire vest, and a girdle to come over the hips and fall to the feet in front, are employed. The festooned flounce, when placed round the foot of the skirt, may be caught up with little bunches of flowers. Parma violets are greatly liked for this purpose; such a garniture can be applied to a white, black, yellow, green, or heliotrope frock. Shaded poppies, from yellow to pale brown, and of a small size, are also good to go on most light dresses. In some evening gowns, feathers or knots of ribbon are preferred to catch up the flounce.

For many reasons, it is to be hoped that the rumour is a true one that the Prince of Wales intends setting the fashion of dining at eight. The arrangement of the day's meals in that case becomes very much what the wisdom of time immemorial has consecrated. Our forefathers breakfasted very early, and dined about twelve; but then a heavy supper about eight made much the same division of the day's meals that is now proposed. Artificial light, cheap and abundant, has, perhaps, not been altogether a blessing in encouraging people

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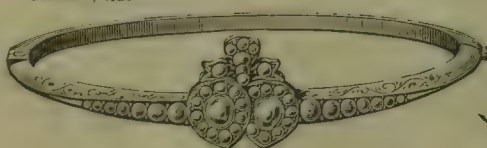
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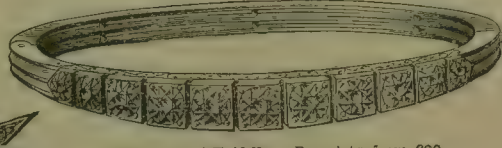
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to turn night into day, for dinner at nine or half past nine means that those who partake of it purpose sitting up, perhaps going out to balls or at-homes till far on in the small hours. The lamp of life often burns singularly brightly at those hours under the flaring gas, but it does so at terrible waste of the oil. It is exhausting to the vitality, this habit of making night social, and it would be far better for our health if we could have earlier hours arranged. Then the servants have to be considered: the more reasonable the hour of dinner, the sooner they can feel the day's duty ended. Her Majesty always dines at nine o'clock, which fact has no doubt had something to do with the late hour of fashionable dinners. But the influence of the Prince of Wales, moving actively in society, will be paramount in this respect.

Rush and wicker furniture is extremely tasteful at present. Some of the new chairs have backs exactly simulating the shape of butterflies' wings, the plaiting so arranged as to allow of plush being draped through in such a manner as to give a touch of nature to the colouring. Another favourite shape is a shell of brown wicker lightly touched with gold, the several divisions of the back, which are sloped in height to resemble a scallop shell, being upholstered in plush or tapestry. Now that chairs of all and sundry kinds are used in the drawing-room, these and similar inexpensive ones help nicely to fill up.

Women who have nice sealskin mantles must take care of them, for there seems every prospect of the beautiful furring to a fabulous price. The skins this season are selling wholesale at sixty per cent. more in price than they brought two years ago. It seems that for some years the slaughter of the seals, always cruel, has been very reckless. The poor mothers have been killed while the young were incapable of feeding themselves, so that they perished in multitudes; and now the Nemesis of scarcity is overtaking the ruthless fur-catchers.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The London School Board have resolved to ask the Education Department to sanction loans for the purpose of providing swimming accommodation in schools.

At Cambridge, on Dec. 5, the Mayor (Mr. F. C. Wace, M.A.) declared the new buildings of the Perse Grammar School open. They are situated within the shadow of the new Roman Catholic Church, on the Hill's-road.

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I was born in the woods, where the checkered  
Lends a charm to every bower; [shade  
Where the song of birds blends perfectly  
With the fragrance of the flower.

I live in the homes of rich and poor—  
I live to do them good,  
I cleanse; I heal; and I perfume with  
The odours of the wood.

And clean and sweet is the path I leave  
Wherever my feet may tread;  
And thousands of those I bless, rain down  
Benedictions on my head!

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Berwick, of the trust disposition and settlement (executed Oct. 23, 1885), with two codicils (dated Sept. 30 and Oct. 23, 1886), and relative deed of directions and disposition and settlement of the lands of Milne-Graden and others (dated Oct. 23, 1885), of Mr. David Milne Home, LL.D., J.P., D.L., of Milne-Graden, in the county of Berwick, who died on Sept. 19, granted to Miss Jean Milne Home, the daughter; Sir Alexander Milne, the brother; the Right Hon. Baron Sinclair, Forbes Skene, LL.D., and Watson Askew Robertson, the executors-nominate, was resealed in London on Nov. 23, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £121,000.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1886) of Mrs. Catherine Ellis, late of Waltham-place, Maidenhead, Berks, who died on Oct. 9 last, was proved on Nov. 29 by Miss Frances Elizabeth Ellis, the daughter, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £113,000. The testatrix appoints the trust funds under her marriage settlement, and under the will of the Rev. Edward Brown, to her said daughter; and bequeaths £1000 to her cousin, George Lloyd Robson; £300 to her cousin, Laura Robson; and legacies to other cousins, nephews, nieces, great-nephews and nieces, and godchildren. The residue of her estate and effects, real and personal, she leaves to her said daughter, Frances Elizabeth Ellis.

The will of the late Mr. Frederick Joseph Edlmann of Hawkwood, Chislehurst, is being proved by his executors, Messrs. Charles and Herbert Edlmann, brothers, and Mr. Frederick Chalmers, brother-in-law of the deceased, the gross amount of personalty in the United Kingdom being sworn under £109,500. After leaving various amounts to his brothers and sisters, and after legacies to domestic servants, &c., he leaves £100 each to the Church Missionary and British and Foreign Bible Societies, and he divides the residue, on trusts, among his children, after providing an annuity for his widow.

The will (dated March 7, 1876), with two codicils (dated Jan. 20, 1885, and July 28, 1890), of Colonel Sir Lumley Graham, Bart., Knight of the Legion of Honour, late of Kirkstall, Yorkshire, who died on Oct. 25 last at Arlington Manor, Newbury, Berks, was proved on Dec. 2 by Sir Cyril Clarke

Graham, Bart., C.M.G., the brother, the Rev. Adolphus Leighton White, and Dame Augusta Graham, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator bequeaths at the death of his wife, £8000, upon trust, for his sister, Mrs. Mary White, her husband, and children; £2000, at the death of his wife, upon trust, for his sister, Caroline Morant, for life; £7000 at the death of his wife, and the £2000 on the death of his sister, upon trust, for the children of his brother, Cyril Clarke, as he shall appoint, except the son who shall succeed to the Kirkstall estate; the investments representing a certain sum of £4000, on the death of his wife, upon trust, for his cousin, Jane Barter, for life, and then, upon further trusts, for his cousin, the Rev. Henry Barter, his wife, and children; and several other legacies. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his wife. He charges the Kirkstall estates with £500 per annum to be paid to his wife for life.

The will (dated June 15, 1872), with a codicil (dated May 25, 1882), of Major James Duncan Cowell, late of 14, Grange-park, Ealing, who died on Oct. 24 last, was proved on Nov. 25 by Willoughby Harcourt Carter, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to his nieces Emily Hill and Augusta Hill, and to his sisters Harriet Greene and Anne Buller; £2000 each to his sisters-in-law Emily Maria Marden Kerr and Annie Henrietta Kerr; and one or two other legacies. He directs the residue of his property to be divided into two equal portions—one to be divided between the said Emily Hill, Augusta Hill, Harriet Greene, and Anne Buller, and the other between the persons who, under the Statute for the distribution of an intestate's effects, would have been entitled to the personal estate of his wife if she had survived him and died immediately thereafter, intestate.

The will (dated April 3, 1886), with a codicil (dated Sept. 3 following), of Mrs. Mary Lucile Collinson, formerly of 8, Cashiobury-terrace, Southend, and late of 113, Boleyn-road, West Ham, who died on Sept. 6 last, was proved on Nov. 20 by the Rev. Richard Laurence, Mrs. Frances Laurence, the Rev. Fitzwilliam Evans, and Mrs. Augusta Evans, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £12,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to the Roman Catholic Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street; £50 each to the Hospital for Cancer, London, and the Home

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The will (dated Dec. 8, 1874) of Mr. John Varley, formerly of Berry Brow, near Huddersfield, and late of Springfield, Taylor Hill, in the borough of Huddersfield, coal merchant, who died on Aug. 30 last, was proved on Nov. 26 by Mrs. Mary Varley, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £16,000. The testator leaves his residence, with the furniture and effects, to his wife, for life; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life or widowhood, for the benefit of herself and the maintenance and education of his children; and then for all his children in equal shares.

The Board of Trade have granted the undermentioned rewards to the master and several members of the crew of the Swedish barque Robertsfors, of Sako, in recognition of their services in rescuing the crew of the barque Shalimar, of Greenock, which was wrecked in the North Atlantic on Aug. 4 last: A piece of plate to Mr. Lars Eric Brandt, master; a gold

shipwreck medal to F. G. Osterlund, second mate; and a silver shipwreck medal and a sum of £2 to each of the four seamen who accompanied the second mate in the rescuing boat of the Robertsfors—namely, A. Erickson, G. T. Tobiasen, P. A. Kjelen, and J. Johanssen.

Mr. James Macdonald, editor and proprietor of the *Farming World*, has been appointed Agricultural Superintendent of the Royal Dublin Society, with which the Agricultural Society of Ireland is now incorporated. In the management of his journal Mr. Macdonald will be succeeded by his brother, Mr. Charles Macdonald.

The whole of the returns of the Volunteer Force of the Home District, which includes the Metropolis, have been completed, and show that for 1890 there is a decrease of 307 enrolled members and of 711 efficient, the latter equal to the strength of a good battalion. The total number of Volunteers in the district (exclusive of the Honourable Artillery Company) is 34,935, of whom 32,376 have earned the full capitulation grant of thirty-five shillings; 485 the reduced grant of ten shillings for drill attendance without musketry; and 2074 are non-efficient. The latter item shows an increase of 404 in comparison with 1889.—In presence of a crowded and enthusiastic gathering, the Duke of Connaught, as honorary Colonel, on Dec. 8 presented prizes to the London Irish Rifles, in Freemasons' Hall. His Royal Highness, having distributed the awards, impressed upon the members of the corps the necessity, if possible, of improving their field-fire, and congratulated them on their continued efficiency.

At Brompton Hospital the programme on Dec. 9 was kindly arranged by Mr. Frank Farren, and consisted of "The Governess," by the above-named gentleman, in which the

following performers took part: Mrs. E. Phelps, Miss Norreys, Miss Eva Moore, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Mr. H. V. Esmond, and Mr. F. Farren. "The Mousetrap" was also given by Miss Rosina Filippi and Mr. F. Farren. There was, in addition, a delightful selection of music by Miss Nellie Levey, Mr. Andrew Levey, and Mr. John Clulow. The patients fully appreciated the extreme kindness of these eminent artists in giving their valuable services, and rewarded them with hearty applause.

Invention is ever on the alert. Letters patent have been taken out for an automatic self-registering notebook, which will meet a want often felt by literary and business men and others—namely, a notebook where the page last written upon will present itself without a search being made for it. By this invention the book opens automatically at the required page, the pencil ready at hand—a great boon to persons in haste. It is claimed also for the patent that any required page can be kept secret. These handy pocket-books, published by Messrs. Smith, Son, and Donner, of 109, Queen Victoria-street, are made in several series, bound in Russia and Morocco, for ladies and gentlemen.

Mr. W. F. R. Weldon, F.R.S., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, has been appointed by the Council of University College, London, to the Jodrell Professorship of Comparative Anatomy and Zoology, which was held for sixteen years by Professor Ray Lankester.

The Whitworth Trustees have added to their munificent gifts to Manchester 12½ acres of land, known as the Stanley-grove Estate, purchased by them for £27,000 for a hospital under the direction of Owens College. The site is alongside the Whitworth Park.

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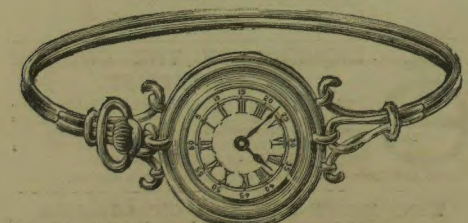
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BRACELET WATCH.

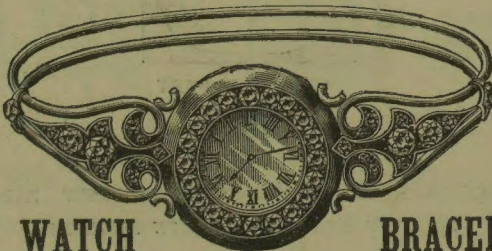
LE ROY'S  
Gold Registered Bracelet, to fit any Watch,  
£3 10s.



Gold Registered Watch Bracelet, complete (Keyless), £7 10s.

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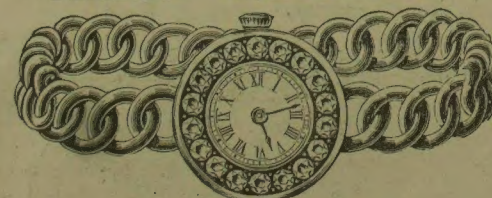


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NEVER WANT WINDING.

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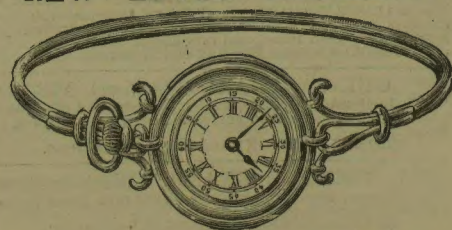
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LE ROY ET FILS'  
NEW LEVER BRACELET.



The only Compensated Bracelet made.  
Guaranteed to 1 minute per week. £15 10s.



# TO THE WEAK AND LANGUID,

And all who suffer from NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, IMPAIRED VITALITY, BRAIN FOG, SLEEPLESSNESS, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, LOSS OF APPETITE, KIDNEY AND OTHER ORGANIC TROUBLES, &c.

## HARNESS'

# ELECTROPATHIC BATTERY BELT

### HAS CURED THOUSANDS OF SUFFERERS

Without the aid of poisonous drugs or quack nostrums. If any of our readers doubt the remarkable curative powers of this genuine and convenient appliance, we would ask them to carefully read the following letters, and write for our Book of Testimonials; or, better still, call, if possible, and personally inspect the originals. They will at the same time be able to see the Belts scientifically tested, and have the various curative appliances fully explained to them.

FOR  
IMPAIRED  
VITALITY.



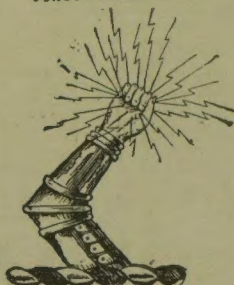
CALL  
OR  
WRITE.

#### NERVOUS WEAKNESS CURED.

##### MARVELLOUS RECUPERATIVE PROPERTIES.

T. J. RITSON, Esq., writing from 18, Queen's Road, Brighton, says: "Though ten days only have elapsed since I commenced to wear your Electropathic Belt, it nevertheless affords me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to its most marvellous recuperative properties. That eternal feeling of exhaustion which frequently came upon me after a few hours' mental and bodily work has, even after so short a trial of your Belt, already vanished; in fact, I already feel myself to be a new man, enjoying better health and greater elasticity of mind than I have experienced for many a year. I am recommending your Belts in all directions."

PAMPHLET,  
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CONSULTATION FREE.



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"To C. B. HARNESS, Esq." "S. MILWARD."

CALL  
OR  
WRITE



#### RHEUMATIC GOUT COMPLETELY CURED.

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#### HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS

are light and comfortable in wear, and are guaranteed to imperceptibly generate mild continuous currents of electricity, which cannot fail to do good in every case. They invigorate the debilitated constitution, promote the circulation, give tone to muscles and nerves, and speedily arrest any sign of PREMATURE DECLINE OF VITAL ENERGY.

A BOON TO MEN.

RESIDENTS AT A DISTANCE

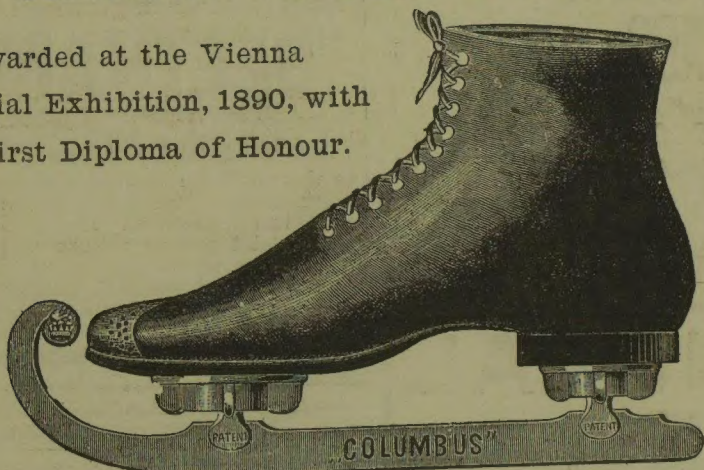
and all who are unable to call and avail themselves of a free personal consultation should write at once to the MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, Limited, for a copy of their descriptive Illustrated Pamphlet and Book of Testimonials, which may be obtained gratis and post free on application to

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Awarded at the Vienna Industrial Exhibition, 1890, with the First Diploma of Honour.

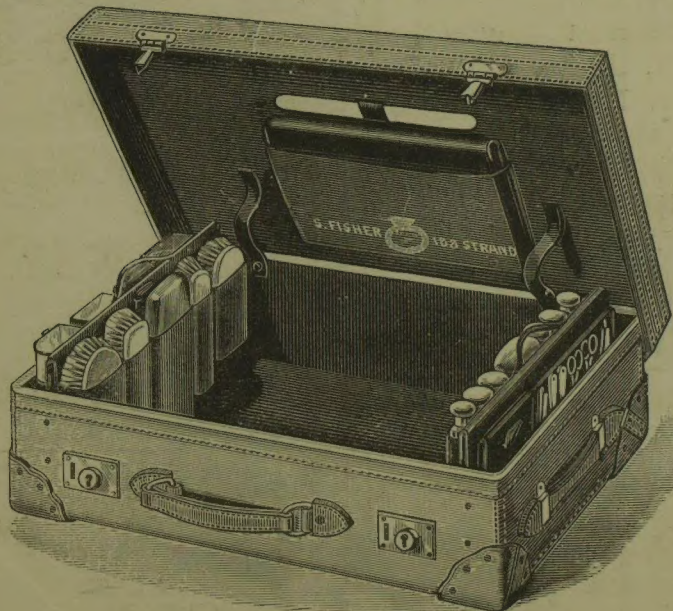


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Price: Ladies, 14s.  
Gentlemen's, 15s.

For Orders, Address G. Von ROHONCZY, Hungary, Budapest.

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O'ERTOPS ALL OTHERS.

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CATALOGUES FREE.

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Have ADDED to their SHOW-ROOMS

### A HIGH-CLASS LUNCHEON ROOM,

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SOUPS, HOT AND COLD LUNCHEONS, TEA, COFFEE, & LIGHT REFRESHMENTS AT MODERATE PRICES.

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EVERY REQUISITE FOR  
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ESTIMATES AND PATTERNS FREE.

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Great Billiard Invention—ADAMANT BLOCK, fitted to the "PERFECT" LOW CUSHIONS.

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If  
Love  
rules Court,  
and Camp, and  
Grove,

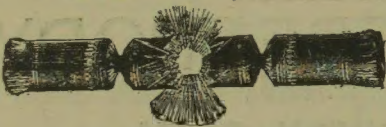
And Health, again, crowns  
rosy Love,  
Then BEECHAM'S PILLS, it  
must befall,  
By ruling Health,  
will rule us all.

WORTH A GUINEA A  
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**BEECHAM'S PILLS**  
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Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens; and sold by Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors everywhere in Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.

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CORSETS made from measurement, and specially fitted, from 2½ to 10 guineas.  
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Send for our Joiner's Tool List,  
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## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

## DEC. 13, 1890

## CAUTION!

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TO GO!

Why expose a valuable Watch or Chronometer to rough usage and risk of loss? Remember that as a timekeeper THE WATERBURY is perfect, and holds its own against the most costly watches. You can rely implicitly upon its correctness; it will rarely fail you; and its durability is proverbial. "Correct as a 'Waterbury'!" is a household simile.

Every Watch guaranteed for two years.

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17/6

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WATERBURY  
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Winds as rapidly as any  
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Nickel Silver Cases, Keyless, Stem Set, Seconds Hand, Jewelled, Dust Proof, Non-Magnetic, Plain or Fancy Backs, Roman or Arabic Dials.

Series "J" and "L" can also be had in Handsome English Hall-Marked Silver Cases, price from 30s. to 35s., according to design.

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Some dealers refuse to keep the WATERBURY WATCHES, because they say that they pay such a small profit. When a dealer offers "something better" than a Waterbury, remember he is looking out for a larger profit than the Waterbury pays. The WATERBURY WATCH COMPANY guarantee EVERY watch for two years.

Sold by all Retail Watchmakers, and at all the Waterbury Watch Depots.

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HEAD OFFICE: 7, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

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WHITE &amp; MODERN CUT

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This Jewellery Business was established in the City in the reign of King George the Third.

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Universally acknowledged the Best Remedy for Affections of the

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Recommended by the greatest Medical Authorities, especially by SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, whose Testimonial is affixed to each box.

They are irresistible in the cure of all Chronic Catarrhal Affections, as COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, IRRITATION, DIPHTHERIA, CATARRH OF THE STOMACH, INFLUENZA, &c.

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52, BREAD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Allen & Hanburys'  
"Perfected"

## Cod Liver Oil

"Is as nearly tasteless as Cod-Liver Oil can be,"  
Lancet.

Can be borne and digested by the most delicate—is the only Oil which does not repeat, and for these reasons the most efficacious kind in use. In capsule Bottles only, at 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 9d., and 9s. Sold Everywhere.

NOTE PARTICULARLY.—This Oil is NEVER sold in bulk, and cannot be genuine unless in the Capsuled Bottles bearing Allen and Hanburys' Name and Trade-Mark (a Plough).

LIQUID MALT forms a valuable adjunct to Cod-Liver Oil, a powerful aid to the digestion, and very palatable, possessing the nutritive and peptic properties of malt in perfection. It is a valuable aliment in Consumption and Wasting Diseases. In Bottles, at 1s. 9d. each.

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GLYCERINE & CUCUMBER.

as the wonderful reputation this article has obtained for softening and beautifying the skin and complexion has induced many unprincipled persons to put up numerous preparations which they call "Glycerine and Cucumber," but which in reality contain no Cucumber at all, and are often poisonous preparations of lead and other minerals.

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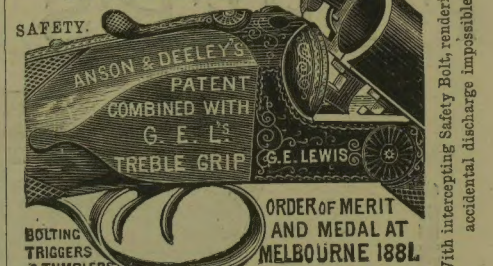
Bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., free for 3d. extra by  
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G. E. LEWIS'S TREBLE GRIP, combined with Anson and Deeley's Locking, Cocking, and Automatic Safety Bolt, is the most perfect weapon ever placed in the hands of the sportsman. The opening of this gun cocks it, and bolts the triggers and tumblers automatically. Prices from 20 to 40 guineas. A special plain quality £26. Express from 12 guineas. "The Gun of the Period," wherever shown, has always taken honours. Why buy from Dealers when you can buy it at half the price from the Maker? Any gun sent on approval on receipt of P.O.O. and remittance returned if, on receipt, it is not satisfactory. Target trial allowed. A choice of 200 guns, rifles, and revolvers, embracing every novelty in the trade.—G. E. LEWIS, Gun Maker, 32 and 33, Lower Lovejoy-street, Birmingham. Estab. 1850. Telegrams: "Period, Birmingham."

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